

THE THIRD SEASON: BASEBALL'S SECOND CHANCE

# Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 15, 1991 \$7.95



**HOOK 'EM  
HORNS!**

**Texas Corrals  
Oklahoma**

BECHTOLD  
15



**"Quality and value for your hard-earned money in a new American car?"**



Mr. John Houseman

Plymouth Horizon Miser  
Highest gasoline mileage 5-passenger  
front-wheel-drive car built in America

52 EST. 35 EPA 33 MPG • \$5,557<sup>††</sup>



Plymouth Reliant K  
America's highest mileage 4-passenger  
front-wheel-drive car

41 EST. 26 EPA 25 MPG • \$7,522<sup>††</sup>

Plymouth TC3 Miser  
Highest mileage sporty subcompact  
front-wheel-drive car built in America

51

EST.  
MPG

34

EPA  
EST.  
MPG

\$5,799<sup>†</sup>



Plymouth Reliant K Wagon  
America's highest mileage 6-passenger  
front-wheel-drive wagon

40

EST.  
MPG

26

EPA  
EST.  
MPG

\$8,660<sup>††</sup>



# "Absolutely.

**Every front-wheel-drive Plymouth is built with advanced technology for 1982. Every front-wheel-drive Plymouth gives high mileage. Every Plymouth gives you your moneysworth."**

## **Plymouth gives you your moneysworth with advanced technology**

Today front-wheel-drive Plymouth cars are assembled in some of the world's most advanced car plants. The overall quality of each car benefits from a computer-controlled robot welding system. For example, almost all the 3,000 welds of the Reliant K are computer-controlled. The most in the industry. Plymouth cars are engineered to be tough, tight, quiet. The standard engines are designed for optimum fuel efficiency with the advantage of an electronic fuel control system.



Electronics also play a key role in quality-control. The 2.2 liter engines, for instance, are subjected to 66 electronic tests measuring 37 functions. By design these engines are a driveway mechanic's dream: most of the major service parts are within easy reach, oil filter distributor, plugs and fuel reservoirs. Americans will, in 1982, demand quality and value for their hard-earned money. Advanced technology means they'll find it in the 1982 front-wheel-drive Plymouth line.

No wonder Japanese and European car engineers study the New Chrysler Corporation's assembly plants. Once again, they have something to learn from us.

## **Plymouth gives you your moneysworth with high mileage**

While front-wheel-drive Plymouth cars delivered great mileage last year, the 1982 Plymouth quality and value program demanded even better mileage. The result? For 1982, every Plymouth car with

standard engine has improved its EPA estimated mileage rating.

Reliant K is still the highest mileage 6-passenger front-wheel-drive sedan. Front-wheel-drive Reliant K wagon still goes further on a gallon of gasoline than any other 6-passenger wagon in America. Horizon Miser has the best gasoline mileage of any 5-passenger front-wheel-drive American car. And TC3 Miser gives the highest gasoline mileage of any American car in its class. Plymouth, for 1982, is projected to exceed Federal Government mileage standards for 1985!\*

\*Use EPA est. MPG for comparison. Actual mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage lower. CA est. lower for Reliant K and Reliant K wagon. \*\*Based on projected Corporate Average Fuel Economy.

## **Plymouth gives you your moneysworth with front-wheel-drive.**

With front-wheel drive, all the power in these Plymouth cars is up front. Combined with rack and pinion steering they give a true feel of the road, excellent traction and cornering is sure. Advanced front-wheel-drive technology gives Plymouth an advantage on wet, snowy or slippery surfaces over conventional rear wheel-drive cars as Ford Fairmont, Olds Cutlass, Toyota Corolla.



## **Plymouth gives you your moneysworth with family-size room and comfort.**

Through advanced technology, driver and passenger room is greatly improved in the front-wheel-drive Plymouth cars over conventional rear-wheel-drive cars. For example, passenger seating capacity. Reliant K and Reliant K wagon are the only front-wheel-drive 6-passenger cars. Seating capacity in 5-passenger Horizon and TC3 is greater than Chevy Chevette, Ford Escort, Toyota Corolla, Honda Civic. Plymouth has taken passenger comfort into consideration with such details as: full passenger compartment carpeting, custom vinyl seats, door arm rests and more in the Reliant K. Standard. The Horizon Miser has high-back bucket seats, a fold-down

rear bench seat, an inside-control driver mirror and more. Quality and value in an American car at no extra cost? Absolutely.

## **Plymouth gives you your moneysworth in 1982 with 1981 prices.**

This may be the best automotive news you've heard in years. For 1982, sticker prices for Horizon Miser and Custom model and base Reliant K coupe and sedan are the same as 1981. That makes them America's lowest price, highest mileage 5- and 6-passenger front-wheel drive cars. You're really getting your moneysworth.

## **Plymouth gives you sensible prices.**

1982 MODEL	Prices <sup>1</sup> Start at	Prices <sup>2</sup> as shown
Reliant K Sedan	16,131	17,522
Reliant K Wagon	17,334	18,660
Horizon Miser	15,499	15,557
TC 3 Miser	15,799	16,799

<sup>1</sup>MSRP or MSRP. <sup>2</sup>Excludes destination charges extra. <sup>3</sup>Sticker or MSRP with pictured options excluding title taxes, destination charges.

## **Plymouth gives you your moneysworth with excellent resale value.**

The 1981 Plymouth Reliant K coupe retains 86.5% of its original price, according to recent NADA Used Car Guides. Horizon with manual transmission retains 87.6%. And a 3-year-old TC3 retains over 85% of its original price. An investment in advanced technology is paying high dividends.

Quality and value for your money in a new American car?

Absolutely.

For 1982, Plymouth, yes, Plymouth is the American way to get your moneysworth.

Buy or lease your new Plymouth at your local dealer.



**The American way to get your moneysworth**



# Life Insurance...



Should you  
'rent' it  
or 'own' it?

Deciding what type of life insurance you need can be compared to deciding whether to rent an apartment or own a home. This comparison can help you understand the different benefits the two basic types of insurance can provide and how Metropolitan's new **Whole Life *Plus*** policy may be the answer for you.

## Term Insurance Is Like Renting

Both an apartment lease and a term policy last for a set period. Renting an apartment is often the only affordable choice for some. So too, term insurance can initially provide much more coverage per premium dollar than whole life. Like most rents, however, the premiums on term increase with each renewal. Also, as an apartment renter doesn't build up equity, a term policy doesn't build up cash value.

## Whole Life Insurance Is Like Owning

Both a home you own and a whole life policy can protect you for your entire life if you want. And just as a home-owner makes equal payments with a conventional mortgage, the owner of a whole life policy pays the same premium each year. Further, the cash value builds up in a whole life policy in much the same way as equity in the home does from making mortgage payments.

## Which Type of Life Insurance Is For You?

The answer depends on your needs and preferences. If your needs are high, but your budget is limited, term insurance may be the answer. Or you may prefer the permanence, fixed premiums and cash value of whole life, but feel you really can't afford this type of protection.

Now there's an answer to this dilemma — **Metropolitan's new Whole Life *Plus* Policy**. It's like putting an addition on your house at no extra cost.

**Metropolitan's new Whole Life *Plus* Policy can give you the whole life benefits you need — at a surprisingly low premium.**

Depending on your age, Metropolitan's new Whole Life *Plus* Policy lets you buy **up to one-third more** whole life coverage than we offered before for the same premium payment. It's like building a sizeable addition on the cozy traditional whole life house — with no extra payment! Metropolitan is offering the Whole Life *Plus* Policy for coverage amounts of \$25,000 or more and you'll probably be surprised at how much coverage you can now afford.

## Is Whole Life *Plus* The Answer?

Your local Metropolitan representative is a trained professional, prepared to help you answer this question and meet all of your insurance needs — life, health, auto, home and retirement.



**Metropolitan really stands by you.**

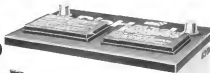
LEBETHOLDALTOBURNBURNMENT



#### Vice-Chairman Arthur Temple

1

# SEARS 'GREAT GARAGE' SALE.



## DieHard



### SAVE \$10

#### 10-AMP BATTERY CHARGER

Recharges twice as fast as our 4-amp charger. Recharges most batteries overnight.

Now only **\$29.99**

### SAVE \$15

#### DIEHARD® BATTERY

Sears Best battery. Now with even more power than ever before. America's best-selling replacement battery.

Now only **\$54.99**  
with trade-in.  
(Other Sears batteries as low as \$29.99 with trade-in.)



### SAVE \$10

#### FLOOR JACK

Lightweight, compact yet strong. 1-1/2 ton capacity. Swivel saddle and casters.

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**SAVE \$20  
CRAFTSMAN  
ENGINE  
ANALYZER**

Sears Best. Performs over 30 ignition and electrical system tests. Helps you troubleshoot like a pro! Inductive pickup.

Now only **\$79.99**

**SAVE \$6  
BOOSTER  
CABLES**

12-foot, 6-gauge copper cables, vinyl-coated to help resist tangling and stay flexible at sub-zero temperatures. Fits top and side terminal batteries.



Now only **\$9.99**



**SAVE \$10  
CRAFTSMAN  
TIMING LIGHT**

Sears Best and brightest! Comes with detachable leads and inductive pickup.



Now only **\$29.99**



Contains 11 coupons good for savings on automotive services. Good anytime within 12 months after date of purchase. Use all 11 coupons and save a total of \$88 off our regular prices.

**\$19.99** Reg. Price

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CAR  
CARE  
SAVINGS  
COUPON  
BOOK**

**SAVE \$30**

Eyed-test-forward, 4-way speaker balance control. Automatic stop. Push button preset for 5 stations. LOC/DX switch helps improve reception.

Now only **\$99.99**

**SAVE \$30**

For most import and American cars. Eyed-test-forward. Loudness and 4-way speaker balance controls.

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**IN-DASH PUSHBUTTON  
AM/FM CASSETTE**



**IN-DASH AM/FM CASSETTE**



**SAVE \$15**

**JENSEN TRU-AK SPEAKERS**  
6 x 9-inch woofer delivers deep rich tones. 3-inch midrange driver. 2-inch solid state tweeter for high frequency tones. Handles up to 50 watts continuous input.

Now only **\$69.99**

**SAVE \$30  
ELECTRONIC SPEED  
CONTROL**

Mounts on dash, console, or turn signal. Fits many American and import cars (adapter kit, if necessary).

extra "Resume" feature. Now only **\$89.99**  
Installation extra.



**SAVE \$7**

**QUARTZ HALOGEN LIGHTS**  
Provides brighter light, better visibility than conventional incandescents in fog, rain and snow. Your choice of clear or amber lenses.

Now only **\$9.99** each



**SAVE 25%**

**SPECTRUM MOTOR OIL, 10W-40**  
Change your own oil and save money. Handy 12 qt. carton only \$30.68.

Reg. \$1.39, now only **89¢** qt.

**SAVE 33%**

**SPECTRUM OIL FILTER**  
Double filters oil through 2 filter media.

Now only **\$1.99**



**CHAMPION AND  
AUTOLITE SPARK  
PLUGS**

Each regular plug:

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Sale prices October 10th through October 24th. Minimum savings nationally. Sale prices and dates may vary in Alaska and Hawaii.

**SALE ENDS OCTOBER 24TH**

Most items at reduced prices.

You can count on **Sears**

# The High Performance Lubricant that turns NO! into GO!



NO! cries the frozen lug nut.  
NO! insists the stuck sliding door.  
NO! grunts the rusty bicycle.

Now there's a way to turn NO! into GO!  
Introducing Tri-Flow, the high performance penetrating lubricant with Teflon®.

Tri-Flow can make virtually everything around your house and car work smoother, quieter, better.

Because Tri-Flow is a lubricating *system*. It has solvents to aid penetration. Corrosion inhibitors to prevent rust. And Teflon®, one of the world's most slippery substances, for superior lubrication.

In fact, independent laboratory tests have shown Tri-Flow to be a far better lubricant than either WD-40 or 3-in-1 Oil.

So try Tri-Flow. And see how easy it is to turn NO! into GO!

And right now, many stores are making the going even easier, with a special rebate on Tri-Flow.

## TRI-FLOW



## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



UNDERWOOD—A PENNEY FOR HIS THOUGHT

The 15th annual J.C. Penney-Missouri Journalism Awards were presented last week, and for the fourth time in five years *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* was a major winner. Special Contributor Bill Gilbert won Penney awards for 1976, '77 and '78, and the article judged best for 1980 in the consumerism category was Senior Writer John Underwood's *The Writing Is on the Wall* (May 19). It dealt with what Underwood terms "the shame of the education of college athletes, the growing practice of allowing them to become total mercenaries, of getting them through the educational process without an education."

This wasn't the only investigative assignment that Underwood has carried out for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. At the 1968 Summer Olympics he watched "a lot of money being passed under the table to athletes," and seven months later an Underwood exposé, *No Goody Two-Shoes* (March 10, 1969), revealed that two athletic shoe companies were making a shambles of the amateur code. In 1971 chance conversations led to many months of interviews and another exposé, *Look What Louie Wrought*, with Morton Sharnik (May 29, 1972), this one on the connections between organized crime and a sports concessions empire. In 1978 came Underwood's three-part series on brutality in football, which

later appeared, in expanded form, as his fifth book, *The Death of an American Game*.

Early in 1979 Underwood's misgivings about the education athletes were getting, sharpened by a California incident, prompted Senior Editor Bob Brown to assign him to the story. (In January a suit had been filed against California State University at Los Angeles by seven former basketball players who charged that they had not only been discouraged from taking real courses, but also, according to their lawyer, had been denied reasonable access to university services).

To augment Underwood's research, Brown called on 56 *SI* correspondents around the country to document educational practices in their areas. Some found schools doing the best they could. Others found places ready to burst with scandal. Where the correspondents' preliminary reports had indicated a need for deeper digging, Brown, Underwood and three reporters—Rose Mary Mechem, Brooks Clark and Jane Bachman—dug deeper.

The raw material in hand, Underwood and Mechem sorted, judged, verified and reverified the facts, traveling thousands of miles to get on-the-spot data, even as the scandals of 1979—e.g., the altered transcript at New Mexico, a phantom course for athletes at USC—were erupting.

The Underwood story ran as a single article of some 15,500 words—one of the longest ever published in *SI*—and, as we thought at the time and the Penney judges have now confirmed, one of the most significant.

*Philip D. Howard*

# Sports Illustrated



Photography by Walter Jones, Jr. for Sports Illustrated

## It's a wonderful world!

Nobody has ever been able to say what sport is, quite.

But life would hardly be the same without it. Perhaps that's because sport means a number of opposite things.

It means fact and it means fancy. It is as tangible as a golf club and as intangible as a dewy morning, exciting as a photo finish, serene as ebb tide.

It is competition, composure, memory, anticipation. Sport is not all

things to all people. But today it is something in more different ways to more people than it has ever been before.

It is play for many, and work for a few. It is what no one *has* to do and almost everyone *wants* to do. It represents, on the one hand, challenges willingly accepted—and on the other, gambits willingly declined.

Its colors are as bright as a cardinal's feathers, as soft as midnight on a mountain trail. It is as loud as a sta-

drum at the climax of a World Series—and as quiet as snow. It is exercise and rest. It is man exuberant and man content.

In America today, sport is not only a dream that lies over the rainbow. It is also an awakening that brings a family together—on a boat or beach, sking weekend or camping trip.

Sport is a wonderful world.

**Sports Illustrated**  
America's Sports Newsweekly

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**HOW FAR WILL YOU GET  
BEFORE YOU START LOSING  
WHAT HELPS YOUR  
BODY RUN?**

Your body can sweat away up to 4 pints of fluid an hour. Fluid made up of minerals and salts that help it perform.

Regular or Instant Gatorade® thirst quencher is made to put back what you lose. Before you start running low.

**GATORADE  
GIVES YOUR BODY  
WHAT IT'S THIRSTY FOR.**



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WATER  
SODIUM  
GLUCOSE  
CHLORIDE  
POTASSIUM



**Gatorade®**

## Shopwalk

by ANDY WEISLER

**FOR THE STRONG, A FAST, EXPENSIVE  
AND ENERGY-EFFICIENT NEW TRICYCLE**

Want to have a shot at a world speed record under your own power? If you have \$10,000 and a pair of reasonably strong thighs, the world's fastest bicycle—or is it a tricycle?—can be yours.

"It's the most efficient man-powered vehicle ever built," says Doug Unkrey, one of the designers of the Vector, a low-slung three-wheeler that set a single-rider-class world record at the May 3-4, 1980 Human Powered Speed Championships in Ontario, Calif. Propelled by David Grylls, it attained 56.64 mph through a 200-meter timing trap.

Now the Vector is the first fully streamlined racer available to the public. "We'll build one for anyone," says Unkrey, a partner in the Versatron Research Corporation of Anaheim, Calif., which made the Vector. A handmade Vector can even be ordered from Early Winters, a mail-order house at 110 Prefontaine Place South, Seattle, WA 98104.

What you'll get bears a minimal resemblance to an ordinary racing bike. The Vector, only 32 inches at its greatest height, has the tandem wheels forward, enclosed in a Fiberglass shell shaped something like the fuselage of a plane. The driver sits pretty much laid back, clearing the ground by about an inch; his legs set between the paired wheels as he works the pedals on the oversized, 100-tooth forward chainwheel that drives the single rear wheel. He steers with an airplane-type joystick, changes gears with a six-speed Shimano derailleur and watches his speed on a Pacer 2000 computerized speedometer. The 51-pound Vector is equipped with front internal drum brakes and a sturdy roll bar, because, says Unkrey, "on a 1% downgrade it'll quickly reach 70 mph." The manufacturer recommends, though, that it be operated in a velodrome, on a road-racing course or on any other smooth surface where car drivers won't interfere with it.

Last May, a two-man version of the Vector averaged 50.5 mph over the 42 miles from Stockton to Sacramento on Interstate 5. "Eventually, we may all commute on Vectors," says Unkrey. **AND**

# CHEVY MAKES GOOD THINGS HAPPEN IN DIESELS



**NEW 5-SPEED DIESEL CHEVETTE.**

**55** EST. HWY. **40** EPA EST. MPG\*

America, you're discovering diesels! And for 1982 Chevy offers more diesel-powered cars and trucks than anyone. No one else even comes close. With 49 models for you to choose from. One of them being this dandy new 5-speed Chevette. The lowest-priced diesel sold in America based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail prices.

Why the draw to diesels? Simple. Diesels offer the kind of mileage you demand. Diesels traditionally have higher resale values. Diesels have no spark plugs to change or carburetors to adjust, so diesels don't demand much of you. Diesels: A good thing happening at Chevrolet.

And on the next two pages. \*Use estimated MPG for comparisons. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower.

Some Chevrolets are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.

# AMERICA'S GOING DIESEL AND



## PROUD DIESELS.

Monte Carlo. 34 EST HWY/23 EPA EST. MPG\*

## CLASSIC DIESELS.

Malibu Classic. 34 EST. HWY/23 EPA EST. MPG\*



## LUXURIOUS DIESELS.

Caprice Classic. 33 EST HWY/22 EPA EST. MPG\*

## HARDWORKING DIESELS.

Pickup. 31 EST. HWY/23 EPA EST. MPG\* (Joy)



## FAMILY DIESELS.

Caprice Classic Wagon. 33 EST HWY/22 EPA EST. MPG (Calif. Est. Hwy 32)\*

## 4-WHEEL-DRIVE DIESELS.

Blazer. 28 EST. HWY/22 EPA EST. MPG\* (Joy)

These are but a few of the many diesels we have to dazzle you. There's a brand-new 6.2 Liter Diesel engine with tough-lowing, big-hauling, hardworking power for Chevy trucks. Diesel engines offer substantially

better mileage than comparable gas engines. A new long-range diesel for America's best-selling small car, Chevy Chevette. And dozens more diesels in between.

To buy or order a diesel designed

*Chevy makes good*

# D CHEVY'S LEADING THE WAY.



## SMART DIESELS.

Impala 33 EST HWY/22 EPA EST MPG\*



## ROOMY DIESELS.

Malibu Classic Wagon 34 EST HWY/23 EPA EST MPG\*



## TOWING DIESELS.

Suburban 30 EST HWY/23 EPA EST MPG\*

for you, see your Chevy dealer. He's knowledgeable when it comes to discussing the details. Ready to answer your most difficult questions, he'll amaze you with his diesel knowledge. Drop by and talk to him today.



*things happen*

# GO TO THE POST OFFICE AND DRIVE OFF WITH A CELEBRITY.

*Bobby Jones, one of the most famous golfers of all time, is waiting for you on the newest U.S. Commemorative stamp.*

*Over 50 years ago, Jones won the Grand Slam. No one since has equalled that feat. And now you can bring that accomplishment home, with this handsome stamp.*

*But that's just one small part of the America you can explore through U.S. Commemoratives. Every few weeks*

*another new issue honors this country's heroes. History. And natural beauty.*

*And since it's National Stamp Collecting Month, you couldn't pick a better time to get started on this intriguing hobby.*

*So come to the Post Office and drive off with the Bobby Jones stamp. You'll soon feel like a pro.*

**U.S. Postal Service**



© USPS 1981





# PERSPECTIVE

by ALLAN POSPISIL

THE NEW BAY IN MASSACHUSETTS IS THAT OF THE COYOTE, EASTERN STYLE

God's dog, as the Navajo called the coyote, is alive and well and living, of all places, in Massachusetts. Of course, the coyote is alive, well and living in a lot of places, despite years of effort by sheep ranchers in the West to be rid of it. But now the coyote has found his way, not only to Massachusetts, but also to Connecticut, from which state it first came to New York.

Coyotes first began appearing in Massachusetts, New England's most populous state, in the 1950s, migrating down from wilder Vermont after drifting gradually eastward for decades. According to some biologists, the coyotes bred along the way with Canada's Algonquin wolf; out of that union a subspecies now usually called the eastern coyote evolved. Other experts believe that the eastern subspecies evolved directly from the western one as the coyote adapted to a colder environment. Whatever its origin, the new subspecies, at 30 to 40 pounds, is heavier than its forebears and western cousins, and a successful colonizer.

Until this fall, Massachusetts coyotes enjoyed complete protection—a rare circumstance for the breed, even in the East. Rhode Island, too, has protected the animals thus far, since coyotes have yet to be an established species there, but in Vermont and Connecticut there's no posted season, which means coyotes can be hunted year-round, with trapping permitted from Nov. 1 to Feb. 28. New Hampshire also allows year-round hunting with no limitations on trapping. New York posts an October-to-March hunting and trapping season. In Maine the coyote may be hunted year-round and trapped during a limited season. Many Maine residents don't feel that such sport hunting and trapping are enough since the population is steadily rising; they regard the coyote as a deer slayer and are agitating to put a price—\$50 has been suggested—on the head of every coyote. Shades of the old and new West, where coyote bounties are a tradition.

In Massachusetts, the coyote has been received more civilly, even welcomed as an unexpected guest with diverting and

continued



# Only Tareyton has the best filter!

For the taste you want in an ultra low tar!

Why the best? Because Tareyton's unique charcoal filter means taste that's smooth. It means flavor that's distinctive. It means that no other cigarette is quite like Tareyton.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Ultra Low Tar

5  
mg tar  
0.4 mg. nic.

5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# NO ONE GIVES YOU

RCA Convertible SelectaVision



These are the VCR's that can't be beat. SelectaVision video cassette recorders from RCA.

No one gives you more versatility or performance features. Because no one gives you more VCR than RCA.

## TWO-IN-ONE VERSATILITY IN VIDEO TAPING.

RCA's Convertible SelectaVision is really two VCR's in one. It gives you every important feature you need for off-television recording. And the added flexibility of converting it to a portable for taping home video movies.

With Convertible SelectaVision, you can video tape up to six full hours on a single cassette. You can program recordings up to two weeks in advance.



And you can watch what you've recorded with remote control special effects in the SLP mode.

But that's only half the story. Add an RCA video camera, and you can take Convertible SelectaVision almost anywhere to shoot home video movies of your family with an instant playback on TV.

With in-home video recording and portable capability, Convertible SelectaVision gives you two good reasons why no one gives you more VCR than RCA.

## SENSATIONAL RESULTS WITH HOME VIDEO MOVIES.

RCA also offers a complete line of home video cameras to complement



RCA Home Video Cameras

# MORE VCR THAN RCA.

RCA SelectaVision 650



Convertible SelectaVision, or most any VHS format system.

Cameras like RCA's CC010. With an 8:1 two-speed power zoom lens, reversible electronic viewfinder and automatic color and lens settings, the CC010 is designed to give you the touch of a pro at the touch of a button.



You'll get terrific results shooting home video movies—even if you've never used a camera before. Results that tell you why no one gives you more video camera than RCA.

## A WHOLE NEW WORLD OF VIDEO ENTERTAINMENT.

Watching your favorite TV shows on video tape has never been more exciting. Especially when you've got a VCR like RCA's SelectaVision 650.

Models shown: VFP 170 Convertible SelectaVision, SelectaVision 650 and CC010 Color Video Camera

For the complete line of SelectaVision VCR models and color video cameras, write to: RCA Consumer Electronics, Department 32-115, 620 North Sherman Drive, Indianapolis, IN 46201

Simulated TV picture

Thanks to a new *Cable-Ready Tuning System*, SelectaVision 650 expands your recording horizons to include most mid-band and super-band cable channels.

Best of all, SelectaVision 650 gives you a new *Infra-Red Cordless Remote Control* that lets you watch recordings with special effects like *fast or slow motion*, *stop action* and *picture search*. No VCR lets you get more out of television than this one.

See your RCA Dealer now and ask to see the new line of SelectaVision VCR's and RCA home video cameras.

You can ask for something less. But you can't ask for anything more.

**RCA**  
**VCR**  
No one gives you more



RCA-Video Equipment  
Supplier to the NFL.

# FIND STRIKING SUCCESS WITH STANLEY.



## BE A SUPER DOER.™

Super Doers do more with Stanley hammers. From nail hammers to sledge hammers, Stanley has a hammer for every job. Hammers with steel, fiberglass or wood handles. Hammers with just the right balance and weight for you. Make your next project a striking success, with Stanley. The tools used by America's Super Doers.



**STANLEY** helps you do things right.\*

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Warning - Protect your eyes  
- Wear safety goggles  
when using tools

### PERSPECTIVE continued

surprising qualities, one of which is that an animal so associated with wild places is able to successfully inhabit one of the nation's most densely populated states. Let one think, however, that the Bay State has been entirely paved over, it should be remembered that Massachusetts is still 80% forested.

The coyote has invaded the state's forests and fields and river valleys with mystery that wasn't there before—eerie howls from the hilltops, moon-cast shadows loping across the snowy landscape. Says Winston Saville, who heads the western district of the state's Division of Fisheries and Wildlife, "It's more exciting for me to see a coyote than a bear."

When the coyote first arrived in Saville's territory he received reports almost daily from a farmer in Worthington about the activities of those that had taken up residence on the man's land. The farmer watched the animals for the pleasure of it, although he worried that they would prey on his sheep. He contacted two biologists at nearby Hampshire College who had been studying coyote behavior. As an experiment, they leased him some dogs that had been bred in Greece, Italy, Turkey and Yugoslavia to guard sheep from predators. It worked. The sheep were protected without harm to the coyotes. In recent years, Saville says, it's likely that a few sheep have been killed by coyotes, but the only documented instance of coyote depredation was that inflicted on a cornfield in Westfield, which the coyotes had trampled and partly eaten, much as raccoons would.

Most Massachusetts coyotes range throughout the western half of the state, from the Quabbin Reservoir to the Berkshires; a few have been run over on the beltway around Boston. Estimating their population is difficult, but Richard Cronin, director of the state's wildlife unit, guesses that it is between 500 and 1,000.

Last April, Massachusetts' seven-man Board of Directors of Fisheries and Wildlife voted 4-3 to end the coyote's protected status and initiate a hunting season this year, concurrent with the fox season, Nov. 1 to the last day of February, excluding deer week in December. No limit was set for the number of animals a hunter could take. Before the board voted, two hearings were held to sample public opinion; no clear sentiment emerged.

Despite the board's actions, it's unlikely that the Massachusetts coyotes will suffer many casualties, mainly because few

continued



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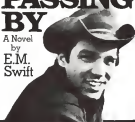
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### PERSPECTIVE continued

hunters seem ready to pursue them. "I don't know of anyone who's going after coyotes," says Saville. "Any kills will most likely be the result of accidental encounters. I don't think that I'd shoot one myself."

Besides, Cronin says, "the coyote is such a smart and elusive animal, hunters would be lucky to take 20 a year." In Cronin's view, one additional benefit of the season will be the placation of farmers who lose livestock to coyotes—or to dogs but blame coyotes. He cites the bear, which is a game species in Massachusetts, as an example: "A man may lose a beehive or two to a bear and he won't like it, but he won't get as mad about it as he would if he thought the animal was completely protected."

The Massachusetts board might have broken new ground in wildlife management if it had considered testimony not only on the coyote's natural history, but also on its spiritual history. The board could have admitted as exculpatory evidence the animal's special role as mythic figure. Surely a species deified by some Indian tribes from Mexico to the Pacific Northwest could be spared even a score of accidental encounters with hunters who had some other animals in mind.

The minutes of the April meeting ignore the coyote's renowned ingenuity and intelligence and don't suggest that the chance to observe the animal might be more enriching than the opportunity to shoot it.

"I have trailed a coyote often, going across country," writes Mary Austin in *The Land of Little Rain*... "and found his track such as a man, a very intelligent man... and a little cautious, would make to the same point... and it is usually the best way... with the greatest economy of effort."

Those are Western observations, but a coyote, says J. Frank Dobie, author of *The Voice of the Coyote*, is a coyote anywhere you find it. He writes of George Frederick Ruxton, an Englishman who, while traveling through Colorado in the mid-1880s, declined to shoot a wolf that followed him from camp to camp, cleaning up the food he and his guide left behind. Few contemporaries would have failed to draw a bead, but it occurred to Ruxton that the wolf was interesting. And perhaps that's the simplest, most compelling claim for sanctuary in the case of the coyote in Massachusetts. It's too interesting to shoot.

END





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## BOOKTALK

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

### NEW CLASSIC OF ANGLING LITERATURE: AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AQUATIC INSECTS

Although fly-fishing has the most venerable literature of any sport, it has long lacked one key book: an authoritative guide to the aquatic insects of North America aimed specifically at the angler. A new book by a professor of entomology at Purdue comes close to filling that void. It is W. Patrick McCafferty's *Aquatic Entomology, The Fishermen's and Ecologists' Illustrated Guide to Insects and Their Relatives* (Science Books International, \$50). It's a first-rate work, with more than 1,000 illustrations, including 124 in color by Arwin V. Provonsky, curator of Purdue's insect collection.

In language and approach, McCafferty is clear, direct and logical. When he uses a technical term, he sets it in boldface and defines it. As one who has had to chase down definitions by searching in obscure reference works, I am grateful that McCafferty at once tells me the precise meaning of "allochthonous," "multivoltine," and "rheophilic." His initial chapters on identifying insects and how they live in water are models of their kind. For the angler, the guts of the book are the chapters on the mayfly, caddis fly, stone fly, dragonfly, damselfly and Diptera. The illustrated keys that allow the reader to identify a member of each order down to the family level are the best I have ever seen. Any entry on an insect family that may be of relevance to the angler is cleverly highlighted by a symbol of a dry fly, but there will be some fishermen who would like more depth to certain entries. For those who wish to pursue matters further, McCafferty concludes nearly every chapter with a list of select references.

For a 448-page volume packed with information, scientific names and illustrations, it has remarkably few errors, but the specific name of the dragonfly *Symptetrum rubicundulum* is misspelled *rubicundum* in both the text and index. I say this not to be a smarty-pants, but as an angler and fly freak who feels certain that *Aquatic Entomology* is destined to become a standard reference work deserving of many more printings. **★★**



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# Sideline

by CRAIG NEFF

## JIM HERSHBERGER'S 50TH BIRTHDAY BASH: A DAYLONG ENDURANCE FEST

In early September, on the eve of his 50th birthday—and the first-ever Hershberger Games—millionaire oilman Jim Hershberger of Wichita, Kans. had readied all his supplies—among them, nine pairs of athletic shoes, three types of rackets, nine types of bulbs, Milky Way bars, DMSO, Zwieback and bananas. "I've been working on this for more than a year," he said before the big day. "I haven't overlooked anything."

Preparations for his one-day, 18-sport endurance test and extravaganza included mailing out \$6,000 worth of spectator invitations (rolled in plastic relay batons), enlisting some 50 athletes as opponents and teammates and even training under miler Jim Ryan's high school coach, J.D. Edmiston. But the 5'9", 142-pound Hershberger, an obsessive competitor whose sporting career has resulted in 51 broken bones, 191 stitches and 17 major operations, had completely ignored Edmiston's oft-repeated question: "Jim, what are you trying to do to yourself?"

"I figure I'll be running maybe 20, 25 miles, plus, of course, the bicycling, swimming, wrestling, water skiing and jet skiing," said Hershberger, who would be the Hershberger Games' only official entrant and who was only slightly concerned about how his bad shoulder, bad foot and bad neck would affect his performance. "You know, they wouldn't let me into the Superstars," he said. "I tried. I told them I'd pay \$50,000 to anyone who could beat me. Maybe I'm not enough of a draw, but I could win that thing easier than climbing a set of stairs."

Hershberger has become almost a legend in Wichita because of his flamboyant ways. In response to dares, he has literally run through 180 holes of golf in 13 hours (tearing knee cartilage in the process) and dove into perilously shallow waters (chipping one tooth). He now lives with his family in a \$2.7 million, nine-bath-room mansion to which he invited 1,400 guests for the housewarming party. He has masterminded all sorts of fund-raising schemes—and donated a sizable share of his own fortune—to keep alive Wichita's charities, track meets and in-

continued

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## SIDELINE continued

door-soccer franchise. "We knew that by calling this event the Hersherberger Games," said Jim's close friend, Bob Lida, the head of a local ad agency, "we would capture people's imaginations."

Hersherberger's previous sporting achievements are difficult to nail down because the legend of Jim Hersherberger has become confused with the facts. While he had an above-average track career at the University of Kansas as a quarter-miler and at various times has held three national track records for older runners, he also claims to have been nationally ranked in racquetball, an alternate on the 1948 U.S. Olympic wrestling team and to have run the world's second-fastest 220-yard dash in 1954, none of which is true. "I've won awards in 14 different sports," claims Hersherberger, who remains a thoroughly likable character despite his self-appreciation and inflation. "In fact, the Masters Track Association named me the most versatile athlete of all time." In fact, the association never really lauded him as such although its publication did run an article in which Hersherberger himself made that claim.

Nevertheless, fewer than 20 people—most of them from local TV stations—showed up for the chilly predawn tennis match that marked the official opening of the games at 5 a.m. on Sept. 2. "This has to be better than not sleeping," said Hersherberger, hitting practice shots in a NO GLITS NO GLORY T shirt. He said that he had gotten up in the middle of the night to eat some cheddar cheese and taco sauce. "I had to have something different," he said. "I had overloaded on carbohydrates and kept going to the bathroom." Now he inspected a small jug at bedside containing what Edmiston called "power punch."

"What's this?" Hersherberger asked. "Bourbon and Seven," said Edmiston, grinning.

Hersherberger put down the jug, then dove, twisted and crashed his way through a 6-4 first-set loss to insurance agent Ric Knorr. Hersherberger scraped the skin off both knees and one hip during the tennis match, and had begun to curse himself. He later found out that he had a hairline fracture of his left wrist, the result of a backward fall off the court's wire fence; Hersherberger had tried to run up the fence to make a shot. "Hand me my stick," he said to an onlooker. He used the two-foot wooden rod as a lever to work the stiffness out of his shoulder, which he

continued



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**SIDELINE** continued

had hurt 1½ months earlier when attempting—on yet another dare—to duplicate Sugar Ray Leonard's front flip after his knockout of Ayub Kalule.

The stick seemed to work a certain magic: Hershberger won a time-curtailed second set 2-1, and then went on to defeat Knorr again, 15-5, 15-7, in badminton. After easily beating Paul Porvaznik, the publisher of the *Wichitan* magazine, in a 100-yard swimming race, Hershberger was pumped up. "Gosh! I'm not tired at all," he said. "I feel better than when I woke up."

In order to complete all 18 events in the prescribed 14½ hours, Hershberger had to maintain what was destined to be a frantic pace. He occasionally had to change clothes in the backseat of a station wagon while riding from one venue to another, and he was consuming his food rations in virtual midstride. Then his luck turned. His 15-year-old son, Chris, out-shot him in 100 rounds of target rifle. "Give me another round," Hershberger pleaded, only half kidding. "I may be your father, but I'm not a good sport." No success. Next Lida, a onetime Big Eight indoor 440 champ, outprinted Hersh-



The first ultra

berger over 200 meters (25.4 to 26.9) on Wichita State's—what else?—Jim Hershberger Track. After that he ministered to a new trouble spot, an aching left instep. He cut off its wrapping of athletic tape and began spraying it from a small silver canister. "What is that stuff?" he was asked.

Hershberger smiled "You're supposed to have a prescription for it," he said. In fact, it was ethyl chloride, a surface anesthetic spray, which he soon would be using copiously on a broken right hand. Twenty minutes onto a 10-mile bicycle race he was pedaling in Wichita's commuter traffic when he ran a stop sign, made the mistake of trying to wave an apology to an irate motorist and flipped off the bike. Not only did he fracture his hand (and two fingers), but he also lost the bike race. "I'm not tired, I'm hurt, dammit," he said. He winced as he bowled three games, losing again, this time to Clark Ensiz.

Hershberger hurried off to a doctor's office for a shot of Xylocaine, another anesthetic. "It's swelling up," he said of his hand, "but I don't have time for X rays. I've gotta wrestle and play handball right

away." He received the injection (and a look of incredulity), but it wasn't very effective; for much of the day he kept treating the hand with ice, ethyl chloride and hot-wax dips, and had it taped before some events. He came out of his wrestling match (against a 1977 state high school champ) with another defeat and a gashed and broken nose. "Just part of the game," he said. "He happened to get me before I got him."

In the span of a mere five hours Hershberger, who normally looks all of 35, seemed to have aged into something much closer to his actual years. With the blood on his nose drying into a ghastly-looking clot, he took on the postfight appearance of an old, battered boxer. He was able to win only two of the last nine events—racquetball against a TV anchorman and the 10-km road race.

Yet in defeat Hershberger showed his true grit. In every event he outlasted his younger, fresher opponents. He insisted on playing handball with his bad right hand because he thought he might win that way. He outplayed the Kansas City Kings' eighth-round draft choice, Guard Randy Smithson of Wichita State, in 40

minutes of five-on-five basketball and, yes, was actually disappointed in himself. "What did I score, 12 points?" Hershberger said disgustedly. "It had to have been that bad hand."

He kept it up right through the final event, the road race, which didn't start until 6:40 p.m., nearly 14 hours after the ordeal began. Dave Capling, one of the other runners, said, "We'd be running along when suddenly Jim would cut across the grass and leap through a hedge. Then we'd hear, 'Ooooooh, my hamstring! My hamstring!' What did he expect from jumping through bushes?"

Hershberger was still clutching his hamstring when he reached the finish line in front of his house. His time of 38:53.89 was excellent, and he was greeted with applause by more than a thousand guests who had been invited to his backyard birthday dinner. One thousand helium balloons were set loose. A young woman delivered a singing telegram and coaxed Hershberger into dancing with her. The state attorney general showed up, as did the Wichita fire chief—in a flashing, wailing engine. "Now," said Hershberger, "I am tired."

END

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## ATTENTION, AUTO-RACING FANS, THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER LEAD CHANGE AT INDY

When Bobby Unser got the startling news last Thursday morning that a three-member United States Auto Club appeals panel had restored his victory in last May's Indianapolis 500, he was on an elk hunt near Chama, N. Mex. With him was Staff Writer Sam Moses, who reports:

Unser was jouncing along a rugged trail in his four-wheel-drive Bronco when the call came on his CB radio from his wife, Marsha, at their 125-acre ranch 20 miles away. "You've just won your third Indianapolis 500—again," she said. Unser was too amazed to respond. "Bobby? Did you read me?" his wife persisted. Finally Unser said, "What's the catch?" Came the reply, "You've also been fined \$40,000."

It was too late for justice ever to be fully done in the hopelessly botched 1981 Indy. Nevertheless, even with that curious \$40,000 fine, the panel's ruling was an agreeable surprise. Several hours after Unser crossed the finish line at Indy 5.3 seconds ahead of Mario Andretti, USAC Chief Steward Tom Binford had penalized him one lap for passing several cars on the pit apron on the 150th lap while the field was under a cautionary yellow flag. That resulted in Andretti's being named the winner the next day. Unser's team owner, Roger Penske, appealed, but few expected USAC to be overruled by a panel that USAC itself had appointed. It was duly noted that Penske and Pat Patrick, the owner of Andretti's car, had been instrumental in founding CART, USAC's young and formidable rival.

But all this was before the investigation began into USAC's mishandling of the race. The main problem was that details concerning the circumstances under which a car may leave the pit area and blend into the pack under a yellow flag had been covered only in an imprecisely worded bulletin and interpreted orally by Binford, who loftily said, "Anything we tell them is a rule." Unser didn't deny having passed cars under the yellow flag, but testified at the appeal hearings that he didn't think it was a violation. Five drivers told the panel they had understood the rule as Unser did. One of them, Johnny Rutherford, said he had been guided by that interpretation while winning Indy last year. Even assuming Unser had violated the rules, the appropriate punishment would have been a one-lap penalty imposed during the race. By waiting until afterward, USAC deprived Unser of the opportunity to try to make up that lap. Binford explained that he couldn't determine soon enough that an infraction had occurred. How-

ever, testimony indicated that several official observers and scorers had seen Unser passing on the apron but that this information never reached the control tower. Andretti's crew chief complained immediately that Unser had passed illegally, but Binford testified he "jumped to the conclusion" that the transgressor was Al Unser, Bobby's brother. Only after scoring sheets were consulted and after he viewed videotapes following the race did Binford lower the boom. It was as though the officiating crew for the Super Bowl had decided to determine the game's outcome by waiting until after the final gun to view films of a disputed touchdown.

Testimony by USAC officials was contradictory and seemed calculated to obscure just how badly USAC had fouled up. Two race officials told SI they saw Unser pass on the apron and tried to inform the control tower, neither

of them was asked to testify at the hearing. A USAC steward, Art Myers, told SI he queried observers during the race about a possible passing infraction as requested by Binford, and that no violation was reported. In his testimony, however, Myers hadn't seemed so sure that he'd queried, and the communications log contained no mention of any such query.

The vote to restore Unser's victory was 2-1, the majority holding that while he had indeed passed illegally, USAC had acted "improperly" in penalizing him a lap after the race. The \$40,000 fine was apparently a face-saving concession to USAC. Annoyed by the fine, an otherwise elated Unser said, "I suspect USAC came up with that

amount because that's what their legal fees were." Meanwhile, Andretti was bitter. While the failure to impose the one-lap penalty during the race robbed Unser of the chance to make up that lap, it also robbed Andretti of the possibility that Unser's engine might have blown in the effort.

Andretti's owner, Patrick, is close to Penske and Unser. He was in Unser's hunting party when last week's decision was announced, and he joined Bobby and Marsha Unser at their house for a victory dinner of chali, pumpkin pie and champagne. That evening Patrick expressed the belief that USAC had seen the dispute as a way of undermining CART by driving a wedge between himself and Penske. He said the play hadn't worked. Unser added, "USAC played with the biggest sporting event in the world like a crazy man plays Russian roulette." For one sitting there in Bobby Unser's New Mexico ranch house, 1,137 miles and 137 days from the place and event called Indy, it was hard to disagree.



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**MY, OH, MILE**

The faw over the recent Fifth Avenue Mile (SI, Oct. 5) served to confirm the obvious: This has been the Year of the Mile. For one thing, the world record at that distance has been broken an unprecedented three times in one year—all in a 10-day period in August when the mark was traded back and forth between Steve Ovett and current record holder (3:47.33) Sebastian Coe. What's more, 23 of the 28 fastest miles of all time have been run in 1981.

One by-product of the fast-improving performances in the mile is that the last runnings of what used to be known as the four-minute barrier, one breached for the first time by Roger Bannister in 1954, have come tumbling down with a resounding thud. John Walker of New Zealand, a 29-year-old former world-record holder, has run so many sub-four-minute miles that he has literally lost count—*Track & Field News* puts the number at more than 60—and Steve Scott of the U.S. has gone under four minutes more than 50 times. There are three runners named Gonzalez—Alex and Francis Gonzalez of France (10 km) and Jose-Luis Gonzalez of Spain—who have broken not just four minutes, but 3:53. Two brothers have broken four minutes in the same race. On Aug. 8, 1980, Paul and John Craig of Canada ran 3:57.21 and 3:58.05, respectively, in a race in West Berlin won by Thomas Wessinghage in 3:55.04. In that mile, Anni Lehtonen of Finland clocked 3:58.96 to finish 13th. On the same day, Walker won a mile in London in 3:54.38, a race in which 11 others also broke four minutes. In other words, at least 25 sub-fours were run on the same day. And Ovett, Coe, Scott, Sydney Maree and Eamonn Coghlan weren't in either race.

Bring on the 3:30 barrier

**ANOTHER NAME ON THE SICK LIST**

In its first three games of the current season Virginia's football team not only went winless, but also lost eight starters to injuries, including the quarterback, tailback and fullback. When the crippled Cavaliers took the field for their next game, against North Carolina State, Coach Dick Bestwick prayed the boys would avoid further injury. No such luck. The Cavs lost their fourth straight, 30-24, another starter was put out of commission and Bestwick himself was run down on a sideline play by Wolfpack

Defensive Back Donnie LeGrande. Doctors have assured Bestwick, who never missed a minute because of injury during his three seasons as an offensive guard and linebacker at North Carolina three decades ago, that his leg will be out of the cast in a couple of weeks.

**ZENGER, ZIEGLER & JOE**

Spotted by the free and often uncritical publicity lavished on their teams by fawning members of the media, people in sports sometimes seem shocked when journalists actually try to tell it like it is. A case in point: Washington Redskins Public Relations Director Joe Blair was discomfited when former Washington Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen, now a sportscaster for the local radio station carrying Redskins games, dared question current Quarterback Joe Theismann's grace under fire and accused Theismann's teammates of a lack of aggressiveness during the then-winless Redskins' 30-17 loss to the 49ers on Oct. 4. After Jurgensen further criticized the team on TV the next day, Blair distributed to selected reporters something called "Notes Regarding Sonny Jurgensen," in which it was pointed out that the Redskins were a sub-500 club when Jurgensen was the quarterback and that he was the signal-caller in 1965, the last time they had an 0-5 start. Blair's incipient smear campaign was quickly disavowed by Bobby Beathard, the Redskins' general manager, who, not incidentally, had publicly voiced the same criticisms about Theismann & Co. that Jurgensen did.

A second case in point: NHL President John Ziegler reportedly was irked by something another athlete-turned-color man, Phil Esposito, who was recently hired to work on the Rangers' telecasts, said during a press conference against the Islanders. Describing a bench-clearing brawl, Esposito correctly noted that the melee wouldn't have occurred had the referee enforced rules ostensibly meant to crack down on the third man in a fight. The *Boston Herald American's* Tim Horgan reported that Ziegler later asked Esposito to mute his criticism of referees in the future. Considering his own culpability in encouraging brawling as a way of hyping the gate at NHL games—lax referees, in fact, are only doing his bidding—Ziegler should have been relieved that Esposito didn't direct his criticism at the right target.

By coincidence, some of Esposito's former Ranger teammates have also been inconvenienced by his on-the-air remarks. As Esposito told Horgan, "I spoke to the entire team one day, and I told them I was going to try to be honest and fair on TV and if they didn't like something I said, to please remember that it was only my opinion and I was only doing my job. But it hasn't worked out that way, of course." When it comes to waging a fearless defense of the right of free speech, the Ranger players don't exactly invite comparison with John Peter Zenger. They do, however, make you think of Joe Blair and John Ziegler.

**TEDIOUS TERPS**

Ordinarily, we wouldn't try to make anything of the fact that the University of Maryland has an athletic director named Dick Duff. What changes our mind is that the Terps also have a football tackle named Les Boring.

**MAPLE LEAF RAG**

Quebec's secessionist-minded government recently announced the establishment of a lottery based on results of Montreal Canadiens and Quebec Nordique games. Some people wondered whether the scheme—it's called Loto-Hockey—was dreamed up to undercut a sports betting pool recently announced by the despised federal government. When a reporter tried to raise that possibility at the press conference at which Loto-Hockey was announced, he was interrupted by a fellow attired in a referee's uniform who apparently was on hand to deal with just such impertinence. The putative ref blew a whistle and shouted, "Two-minute penalty for referring to the federal government."

**THEY SAID IT**

- Elliott Gould, actor and basketball fan, asked the difference between working with the Swedish director Ingmar Bergman and the American director Robert Altman: "Bergman doesn't know who Dave DeBusschere is."
- Bum Phillips, the New Orleans Saints' crew-cut coach, on the instructions he gives his barber: "I want little conversation and lots of hair on the floor."
- Charlie Rizzo, Wake Forest defensive coordinator, describing Ron O'Neil, Auburn's 245-pound freshman fullback: "He looks like Fats Domino and runs like Harvey Glance."

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# All Hat And No Cattle?

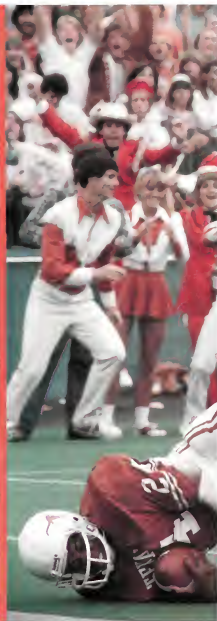
Some thought Texas was more hot air than hot stuff, but Oklahoma found out otherwise

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Texas football Coach Fred Akers, a man given to making frequent and earnest orations to his players, had dimmed the lights in a meeting room at the Marriott-Market Center hotel in Dallas last Saturday morning and was talking soothingly to the Longhorns about relaxing the big muscles in their legs and the little muscles around their eyes. Then, without raising his voice, he told the all-but-hypnotized players to think that "I will be like a scorpion when that ball is snapped. Nothing will escape my gaze. I will be the most exacting, aggressive football player in this country. I will be absolutely electric. I truly do not know what the word 'quit' means. There is nothing that can happen to me that I can't overcome. I will be stronger and stronger as I watch my opponent get more and more tired. It's not how much talent I have but how much I show."

And then the lights were slowly turned back up to full bright and the players blinked and stumbled back to reality. Three hours, 20 minutes *continued*

Jones got Texas out of a jam with a touchdown on the last of his eight rushes in a 10-play drive.







Mohr: the cowboy who throws ropes.

#### TEXAS-OKLAHOMA continued

later, the undefeated Longhorns—ranked first in the nation by SI and third by both the wire services—ran out on the carpeted floor of the Cotton Bowl and blinked and bumbled around like June bugs for the first 30 minutes, falling behind Oklahoma 14-3.

In truth, Texas was blocking and tackling and executing just fine, it had been two Longhorn fumbles that led to the two Sooner touchdowns. Akers, speaking in anything but a soothing manner to his assistant coaches at the half, said, "They're supposed to be the fumbleers." Indeed, Oklahoma had fumbled 16 times in two previous games, compared to Texas' four fumbles in its last two outings. But last Saturday in the first half, the Sooners didn't fumble once, which led their coach, Barry Switzer, to say, "Already, that's an upset." Yet so sure was Akers that Oklahoma would revert to form that he made no significant adjustments at the half to either the offense or defense.

Instead, Akers chose to top up his boys' tanks with still more high-test oration at halftime, saying, "The Sooners have gone far longer than they deserve without a fumble and they know it." And as the Longhorns buckled their chin straps and got ready to run back on the field, Akers

delivered himself of still more ringing oratory: "Men, what we want to do is kill their will. You will find a way. Just put your tattoo all over 'em. The collisions are going to be fierce and the intensity is going to be severe because we're going to make it that way. We are talking about going to war. We are talking about hand-to-hand combat. We are talking about grenades and knives and axes and baseball bats, with everybody kickin' and fightin' and bitin' and clawin'. You have championship fiber running through you."

Poor Oklahoma, without hearing a thing, was being talked into defeat. The wild-eyed Longhorns proceeded to play up to their coach's rhetoric after the intermission. They put 17 points on the board in the third quarter—three of them as a result of a Sooner fumble, it should be noted—and 14 more in the fourth, when another Sooner fumble squelched any Oklahoma comeback aspirations. When it was all over, Texas had blown the Sooners' wheels off 34-14. Longhorn Linebacker Larry Ford was right when he said, "That was a Texas whuppin'." The 75,587 fans who filled the Cotton Bowl, making this Southwest Conference-Big Eight shootout a sellout for the 36th straight time, were convinced.

So was Oklahoma. Twice the Sooners failed to convert on fourth and one. On one of those occasions, Oklahoma Quarterback Kelly Phelps was hit by Texas Tackle Mark Weber. "I beat my man and looked up and saw Phelps in my face. It was wonderful," said Weber. On the other such play, Tackle Kenneth Sims and End Eric Holle nailed Phelps. "I told you this was just like playing Rice, only it's in Dallas," said Sims, who had a hand in 12 tackles and pounced on one of those Sooner fumbles.

After the game, Akers leaped up on a table and told his celebrating players, "That was just a great performance, but, hell, you know that." Guard Doug Dawson claimed in, "That was the springboard to a national championship."

Could be. For if Saturday's game is any indication, the 4-0 Longhorns just may be as good as their coach tells them they are and not all hat and no cattle as some experts thought. Indeed, Texas Defensive Coordinator Leon Fuller seems genuinely baffled when asked how he would attack his own defense, which held Oklahoma—ranked second in the nation in rushing with an average of 358 yards a game—to

194 yards, allowed no pass completions and racked up three sacks. Fuller finally said, "I wouldn't want to be an offense against us."

All of this seems improbable to those who remember last year when a promising Texas season turned terrible. There were nasty noises to the effect that a number of Longhorns just packed it in as they closed with five losses in their last seven games. Akers puts it more gently, saying, "We didn't handle adversity well." Right, as in Custer didn't handle the Indians well. Never mind that, in the course of beating Oklahoma 20-13 a year ago, Texas had lost six offensive starters to injury and had only partly regained the services of three of them by the end of the season. Because of the Longhorns' poor 1980 record, a few bumper stickers emerged in Austin this fall that read: IT'S NOW or NEVER, FREDDIE. For his part, Akers says that ever since he arrived in 1977 there have been "rumors that I was going to LSU, to Notre Dame, to the New York Giants, to Florida. After last season it was said that I was just going."

Aside from general good health, the key change from 1980 for Texas is that Quarterback Donnie Little, who had

Early in the fourth quarter Mohr hit 6' 6"



guided the Longhorns for two years, volunteered to switch to wide receiver for his final season. He said he knew that his future as a pro, if any, wasn't at quarterback and he wanted to showcase his talents elsewhere. "I think the quarterback gets too much credit when he does well and too much criticism when he doesn't," says Akers. The fact was, Little had come down with big-time college football's most dreaded disease: Not Living Up to Expectations.

Waiting in the wings to replace Little was the perfect man to be the Texas quarterback—junior Rick McIvor. He's everything a Longhorn signal-caller should be, straight off a ranch in West Texas, equipped with a goal-to-goal arm ("Naw," he demurs, "I only throw 83 yards . . . with accuracy") and throws nothing but ropes. He's tough, tall (6' 4"), rangy (200 pounds) and, best of all, a real, sure-as-shootin' cowboy who can ride fences and doctor cattle and yup and nope with the best of them. He can also be expensive.

Sitting around in Austin last week savoring a pinch of Skool, McIvor talked of how roping cattle on his relatives' ranches around Fort Stockton had strength-



Akers: going great instead of just going.

ened his wrist and shoulders. "I enjoy every minute I'm on a ranch," he says. "It's the one place where your freedom is really free. When I'm just aridin' along on a horse from one pasture to another, the pleasure's all mine."

These days, the pleasure is all Texas', as Oklahoma discovered. It took a while for the truth to sink in, however. The Sooners' opening kickoff, to John Walker, was fumbled. John Truitt recovered, and Oklahoma had the ball on the Texas 16. Said Walker later, "I could see in Coach Akers' eyes that he felt like I could do better." Three plays later, Halfback Chet Winters punched over from the one for Oklahoma's first TD. In the second quarter it was McIvor who fumbled, and the Sooners went 34 yards for their second—and last—score, Fullback Stanley Wilson going in from the one.

It was a start bad enough to make Akers wonder if all his players had been snoozing when, in his pregame oration, he had exhausted them with this declaration: "Men, you've grown this season. And you'll be bigger after today. If any team should have confidence, it ought to be this one. Let your skill free-flow. When you have it, take advantage of it. When you don't, fight like hell to get it back. Go for the throat."

The third quarter was go-for-the-throat time. Three times Texas had the ball, and three times it scored. Senior Tailback A.J. (Jam) Jones, who was thought to be all-world when he arrived in Austin but who has turned out to be all-whirlpool, carried on eight of 10 plays in the first drive, finally diving in from the one. That narrowed the Oklahoma lead to 14-10. "I've always been a power runner

and a slasher," said the oft-injured Jones, who ended up with 134 yards on 36 carries. "The difference in this game is I was a little more of a power runner and a whole lot more of a slasher."

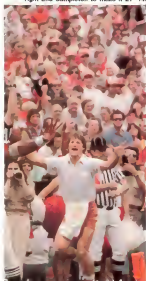
Moments later, following a Wilson fumble on his own seven, the Longhorns' Raul Allegre, from Mexico City via two years at the University of Montana, kicked a 22-yard field goal to make it 14-13. Then, after Sims' and Holle's fourth-and-one stop of Phelps at the Longhorn 31, Texas came back up the field, pushing the Oklahoma defense around so much the Sooners should have ordered backup lights for their hip pads. With third and 15 on the Sooner 36, McIvor was looking to throw to Jones but couldn't find him. He scrambled to his left, forcing Oklahoma Free Safety Dwight Drane to come up and try to contain him. Drane having committed himself, McIvor gunned the ball to Wide Receiver Maurice McCloskey in the end zone. Texas 20, Oklahoma 14. When the previously unheralded McCloskey was asked if he ever thought he'd be a star in this sort of game, he said, "Sure, I was planning on it all along." That ought to give him an A-plus in Akers' positive-thinking seminar.

When McIvor threw a four-yard scoring pass to 6' 6" Tight End Lawrence Sampleton with 8:19 to go in the fourth quarter, Longhorn Offensive Coordinator Ron Toman jumped up in the coaching booth and hollered, "We've got their number." But another assistant, Craig Rider, said, "Let's stick one more down their throats." Which the Longhorns did, with only 17 seconds to go, when third-team Tailback Rodney Tate raced in from 17 yards out. A deflated Switzer said, "We just have to get better as a team."

And assuming that Texas, too, will get better, its opposition could be feeling a lot worse. Make no mistake. The Longhorns are good all over. They have depth, with only the offensive line being short on experienced reserves. Collectively they might be the most talented team Akers has had. Physically, the hay is in the barn. What's left is to work on their minds. And like an engineer-for-the-'80s Rockne, the 43-year-old Akers is working overtime. "Picture that locker room after the game," he was telling his players before the Longhorns met Oklahoma. "Think how exuberant it's going to be." Picture how right he was.

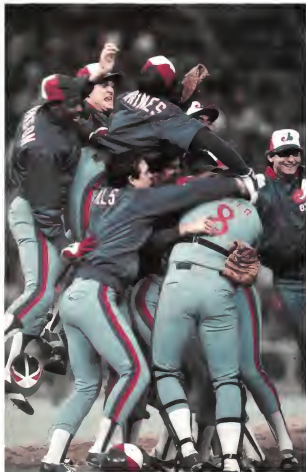
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Tight End Sampleton to make it 27-14.



# The Gang Of Four Shoots To The Top

Baseball came out of the doldrums as the Expos, Dodgers, Yankees and A's won one cliffhanger after another in the first divisional mini-playoffs



The Montreal Expos brought a baseball title north of the border for the first time last Sunday by defeating the world champion Philadelphia Phillies 3-0. It was the fifth and deciding game of the National League Eastern Division Championship Series, and it came in the lucky 13th year of the franchise. "Our bar mitzvah year," said owner Charles Bronfman. The Los Angeles Dodgers now face the unpleasant prospect of having Jack Frost—not to mention Steve Rogers, Gary Carter, Chris Speier and Jeff Reardon—nipping at their noses when the League Championship Series moves to Montreal for a little Chilly Ball this Friday.

Actually, the Expos thought they had the division title iced when they left Montreal last Thursday with a two-games-to-none lead over Philadelphia. They should have known about Phillie Ball, though. Last year's world champions play best when they haven't a prayer. They tied the series 2-2, and the Expos were presented with the task of having to beat Steve Carlton—again.

They did just that. For the second time in the series, Rogers outpitched Carlton, giving up only six singles. He also drove in the Expos' first two runs with his second single of the game, a grounder slider through the middle off a hanging slider with the bases loaded in the fifth inning. "I'm from the hitting school known as 'whale and bail,'" Rogers modestly allowed after the game.

Elsewhere in the clubhouse First Baseman Warren Cromartie glanced at a TV picture showing the Phillies' victory parade last year. "Not anymore!" he shouted. "Not anymore! We beat the world champions!"

It was in the first game of the series that the Expos discovered how to bat

The Expos piled on their gratitude after Rogers beat the Phillies for a second time.



against Carlton. "You have to be patient," said Speier, who had two game-winning hits, a game-saving catch and a .400 average in the series. "If you start chasing his low sliders, it's Katie-Bar-the-Door." The Expos showed their patience by putting the leadoff man on in every inning en route to a 3-1 victory. Even though he outpitched Carlton, Rogers allowed 10 hits before giving way to reliever Reardon with two men on for the final out—a frightening line drive by Manny Trillo that Leftfielder Terry Francona snared on the warning track. Carter, Speier and Cromartie all had RBI doubles off Carlton.

It was cold the night of the second game. As Dan Shaughnessy of *The Boston Globe* wrote, "The temperature was 7 degrees Celsius, 46 degrees Fahrenheit and 72 degrees Kuhn." The commissioner watched the game from Expo President John McHale's box, taking off his coat in favor of a sweater, and he revealed to one reporter that—gasp!—he wore no undershirt. Actually, Bowie was cheating, because his vantage point was under a heat lamp.

Warming the cockles of Expo fans' hearts, though, was Speier's single to drive in the first run in the second inning and Carter's towering two-run homer in the third. In the meantime, starter Bill Gullickson shackled the Phillies on three hits over the first seven innings. After Gullickson gave up a double, single and double with two outs in the eighth, Reardon came on to face Mike Schmidt. With the count 2-1, the Expos' neophyte manager, Jim Fanning, ordered Reardon to walk Schmidt intentionally, thus putting the potential winning run out—an ill-considered move according to baseball traditionalists. The play worked, though, as Reardon got the next hitter, Gary Matthews, to foul out on a 3-2 pitch and then pitched a perfect ninth.

The Phillies, stung by criticism from Manager Dallas Green and unsettled by reports that he was headed to Chicago to run the Cubs' front office, came right back to tie the series with 6-2 and 6-5 victories. Strangely enough, the Expos showed as much character in their second loss as they did in any of their wins. They trailed 4-0, but tied the score at

4-4 before falling behind again, 5-4. Woe Canada.

The old Expos might not have come back after that. But this time they did—and that ability is a cold truth the Dodgers will have to face.

—STEVE WOLF

I love these situations. I'm a lot happier being a participant than a spectator," said Houston's Nolan Ryan late Saturday, the night before the Astros and Dodgers met in the fifth game of the National League West Division championship. Ryan had good reason to be joyous. In his two previous starts against the Dodgers, he had pitched a no-hitter and a two-hitter and struck out 18. Before beating L.A. 3-1 with a two-hitter in Game 1 on Tuesday, Ryan had boldly announced, "The Dodgers aren't going to beat me." Asked now if he felt as strongly again, Ryan replied, "I'm not any less confident."

But he was less correct. Before 55,979 fans at Chavez Ravine, the Dodgers had the last laugh, becoming the first team in baseball history to win a five-game playoff series after trailing 2-0. For 5½ innings Ryan fought off the Dodgers. But then L.A. erupted for three runs on three hits, and Ryan was gone. Only one of the runs was required, because Los Angeles lefthander Jerry Reuss, mixing whiplash fastballs and good sliders, shut out Houston on five hits. The 4-0 victory sent the Dodgers on their way to the National League Championship Series against Montreal and made Ryan's Dodger Stadium record 0-6.

Reuss's shutout capped an amazing performance by Dodger pitchers. In their three home victories, they held Houston to two runs—one in the Astros' last 24 innings. In none of the games did either club resemble the '27 Yankees. The '06 Chicago Hitless Wonders would've been more like it. We're not talking slugfest here. In 42 of 91 half-innings, the Dodgers and Astros went down in order. For the hitters, this series wasn't a war. It was a pillow fight.

The Astros batted .179, scoring three runs in 42 innings off Dodger starters Reuss, Fernando Valenzuela and Bart Hooton. "With a lead, we're tough to



Garvey's home runs left Baker slaphappy.

beat," said Astro reliever Billy Smith. "But a bullpen's nothing if there's nothing to protect." Meanwhile, L.A. was hitting all of .198. Except for Steve Garvey, who had six hits, including two important home runs, the Dodgers greatly resembled the anemic Los Angeles teams of the early '60s.

The Astros got off to what, for them, was a winging start at home on Tuesday, winning the opener 3-1 as Alan Ashby, who had hit 30 homers in his nine-year career, cracked a two-run, two-out shot into the rightfield mezzanine in the bottom of the ninth. Ryan faced only 29 batters, two over the minimum. He struck out seven, walked one and polished off Los Angeles with 104 pitches—his low for the season.

Valenzuela didn't exactly struggle either, allowing six hits and a run before exiting for a pinch hitter in the ninth. It was Dave Stewart who gave up Ashby's homer, and Stewart again who surrendered the winning hit in Game 2. That came when pinch hitter Denny Walling belted a bases-loaded single with two out in the 11th to give the Astros a 1-0 win. The Dodgers stranded 13 base runners and wasted Reuss's nine shutout innings. With quick elimination at hand, L.A.

continued

Manager Tommy Lasorda suddenly hit the roof—or at least the wall in his office with a shoe. "Our two guys pitched outstanding baseball, and it breaks my heart for us to get them one run in 20 innings," he said.

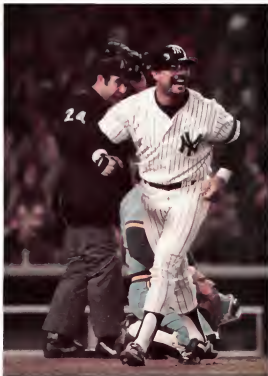
Houston scored two runs in the next 18 innings at Dodger Stadium, and Los Angeles swept Games 3 and 4, 6-1 and 2-1, respectively. On Friday Garvey socked a two-run homer in the first, and Hooton and relievers Steve Howe and Bob Welch shut down the Astros on three hits. Now the Dodgers were visibly relieved, though clearly not by Stewart. Houston's 11 losses in its last 13 games at Chavez Ravine prompted Garvey to say, "I'm quite sure we've forced the Astros to think about where they are." While Garvey spoke, Reuss stood out of reporters' sight in an adjacent room, stage-whispered, "Psst, Stevie," and shot Garvey a moon. The next afternoon Valenzuela shot a dandy four-bitter. The Astros were out of ammunition.

—MIKE DELNAGRO

**T**he American League East mini-series between Milwaukee and New York last week was very heavy drama.

**Act One:** The show opens to less than full houses in Milwaukee, whose working-class citizens continue to protest the summer strike informally. At County Stadium, capacity 53,192, crowds of 35,064 and 26,395 attend the Wednesday and Thursday games. Just as well, because the Brewers don't appear to be there, either. They lose the opener 5-3 when Left-fielder Ben Oglivie allows the go-ahead run to score by throwing to the wrong base in the fourth inning. In contrast, Yankee Third Baseman Graig Nettles makes a rally-killing circus catch in the third. Long-dormant New York veterans Oscar Gamble (two-run homer) and Bob Watson (three hits) come to life at the plate.

The next afternoon the Yankees shut out the Brewers 3-0 on homers by Lou Piniella and Reggie Jackson. In the two games four hard-throwing New York pitchers—starters Ron Guidry and Dave Righetti and relievers Ron Davis and Goose Gossage—have struck out 26 wildly swinging Brewers. One victim, Paul Molitor, becomes disoriented and refers to Gossage as "Goosage."



Steinbrenner fumed, but Reggie October laughed it off with a mighty two-run homer.

"We're pressing," says Sal Bando, one of three Brewers who have been in the playoffs before. "It's one thing to dream about it, another to be there," says Manager Bob Lemon of the Yankees, 18 of whom have.

**Act Two:** The Brewers arrive in New York seemingly prepared to concede defeat. On Friday they are assaulted with a display of New York emotion, patriotism and violence. The son of Yankee Pitcher Tommy John, 2-year-old Travis, throws out the first ball less than two months after suffering a near-fatal fall from a third-story window. The Yankees honor the widow of World War II hero Will James, who has received a posthumous Distinguished Service Cross. And in the seventh inning an allegedly inebriated fan—from Connecticut—comes out of the stands and attacks third-base Umpire

Mike Reilly. By this time the Brewers are losing 1-0 and haven't scored in 19 innings. But this is drama, not life: The Brewers come back to win 5-3 as Ted Simmons cracks a two-run homer in the seventh and adds a run-scoring double in the eighth.

On Saturday afternoon, enter Brewer Pitcher Pete Vuckovich, who looks as if he chews glass. His start has been twice postponed because of a high fever, but he sets down the Yankees 2-1 with cutie-pie pitching, featuring breaking balls on 3-2. Meanwhile, Oglivie stops "overextending" himself at bat and drives home the eventual winning run with a nice, deliberate swing. The Yankees? Bad base running takes them out of two innings.

Those mistakes are the cue for owner George Steinbrenner to storm into the clubhouse after the game. The Prod of

the Yankees, as he has been called, harangues his players and threatens to do the unthinkable—break up the Yankees.

**Act Three:** Years from now Steinbrenner will credit Sunday night's clinching victory to his Saturday night diatribe. Maybe his prodding is a factor. But stealing the final scene is Reggie Jackson. Before the game Jackson reflects, "I keep hearing about how great I am in the clutch. Well, if I'm ever going to do anything, it ought to be tonight."

It is. With Larry Milbourne at first and the Yanks trailing 2-0 in the fourth, Jackson belts Moose Haas's first pitch into the upper deck of the rightfield stands. Oh, there are other heroes. Gamble, a .556 hitter in the series, and Ceronio each homer, and Gossage racks up his third save. But the 7-3 win serves mostly to embellish Jackson's Mr. October mystique. By going 3 for 4 he raises his lifetime postseason batting average to .303. In his 61 playoff and World Series games Jackson has 16 homers and 42 RBIs. This time he ignites the rally that keeps the aging Yankee dynasty alive. Curtain.

—JIM KAPLAN

**T**he Kansas City Royals were down 4-1 but rallying in the top of the fifth inning of the third and, as it turned out, decisive game of their divisional mini-playoff with the Oakland A's last Friday night. Clint Hurdle and John Wathan had hit consecutive singles to open the inning, and now U.L. Washington was at bat hoping to advance them to third and second, respectively, with a sacrifice bunt. Washington, a switch hitter batting lefty against A's right-handed Rick Langford, squared away on a 1-1 delivery but didn't offer at a Langford fast-ball that sailed outside. Hurdle, often a capricious base runner, had moved as if to run to third but retreated as Oakland Catcher Mike Heath gloved the ball. Moving somewhat faster toward the base was A's Shortstop Fred Stanley, whose right hand was held aloft to catch Heath's attention.

In a lightning motion Heath fired what the bewildered Hurdle would later describe as a "BBB" to second. Stanley and the ball arrived a fraction of a second before the runner. Hurdle was out and, for all intents, so were the Royals. They had

four singles that inning but scored not at all. Heath and Stanley's alertness—and Hurdle's inattentiveness—had taken the Royals out of the game. K.C. could do nothing against the excellent relief pitching of Tom Underwood and 22-year-old Dave Beard, a fireballer of Goose-isn promise. The A's lead held fast, and they dethroned the Royals as East Division champions.

Not that Kansas City had any business getting that far. Only the addle-brained poststrike format allowed the Royals, a team that finished the total season three games under .500, to become the so-called second-half champs in a year when titles were numerous and cheap. Confronted with a team of championship credentials, which Oakland truly is, K.C. played so sloppily in the three games that Dwayne Murphy, the A's splendid centerfielder, said, "It seemed to me they were ready to go home." Which they swiftly did after losing every game and scoring a grand total of two runs.

It's unfortunate that a team as fundamentally solid as the A's should be burdened with the Billy Ball label and its intimations of *opéra bouffe*. In all three games they did what they were supposed to, and when the Royals goofed, as they so frequently did, the A's made them pay for it. In the first game George Brett, who had a dreadful series afield and at bat, threw away a Tony Armas grounder in the fourth inning with two out and Murphy, who had walked, on second. Oakland Third Baseman Wayne Gross, another of the A's strolling band of unsung infielders, then punished his opposite number by hitting a three-run homer. "Not to criticize George," said Gross critically, "but anytime I see a ball hit to him, I say to myself there's a chance he'll throw it away and I'll get a chance to drive in a run." An inning later, Gross spearheaded a Frank White line drive with the bases loaded and transformed it into an inning-ending double play. That was it for K.C. in Game 1, as Mike Norris, throwing mostly screwballs and off-speed pitches—"slop," as White petulantly put it—tossed a four-hit shutout.

While the Royals groused in their clubhouse, the A's furly gamboled in theirs. Perhaps a dozen interviewers, mostly TV and radio savants, crowded around Norris' locker listening to a slender young

black man discourse at length on pitching technique. It was only after Norris entered the room that they discovered the garrulous interviewee was, in fact, Mike Davis, a reserve outfielder. Said Pitcher Matt Keough to Norris after hearing both interviews, "Davis was better." Steve McCatty, who won 14 games in the irregular season, put the Royals to rest the



Norris had the Royals bent out of shape.

next night on a 2-1 six-hitter. After singling and moving to second base on Cliff Johnson's sacrifice bunt, Murphy scored the deciding run in the eighth inning when Brett let Armas' smash go between his legs for a double.

Brett had only two singles in 12 at bats and was booed by his own fans. The darling of millions only a year ago, he was a sorry figure as he departed the visitors' clubhouse in Oakland. He managed a brave enough smile and unsparring self-assessment: "I was horsebleep." He wasn't alone.

—RON FIBRITE

END

# Denver Is Standing Mile-High Once Again

Craig Morton, the oldest player in the NFL, has led the rejuvenated Broncos into first in the AFC West  
by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

**T**om Glasco, Denver's left guard and Napoleonic-history buff, studies the Broncos' amazing rise to a 5-1 first-place record in the AFC West and tries to put it in some historical perspective.

"Our two victories over Oakland can be equated with Napoleon's two victories over the hated Prussians on the same day in 1806. While Napoleon was defeating them at Jena, Davout took a force of 26,000 men and defeated 54,000 Prussians farther north at Auerstadt. The Prussians wore black, just like the Raiders. There was a deep hatred there."

How about Denver's shocking 42-24 win over San Diego? The Broncos had a 35-0 lead before Air Coryell had gotten off the landing strip.

"Austerlitz," Glasco says. "A total team effort. All branches of the army coordinated. The Austrians wore yellow and white, sort of like the Chargers."

The Broncos' 28-10 victory over Baltimore "was a typical Napoleonic triumph. Call it Wagram." The 13-10 loss to Seattle "represented a small setback, Eylau, Napoleon's first in a major battle. A frontal assault repulsed by the rugged Russians."

Sunday's 27-21 victory over Detroit in Mile High Stadium, in which an infantry assault led by Billy Sims, who charged for 185 yards on the day, was repulsed at the Denver 17 with seconds left, was Borodino. "The rugged Russians again," Glasco says. "A slugfest, a battle in the trenches. The Russians were



Morton threw for 283 yards and three TDs as Denver rallied to beat the Lions 27-21.

pushed from the field at the end, but not before they'd made a tough fight of it."

Four years ago, when the Broncos reached the Super Bowl under Coach Red Miller, Glasco compared the fiery redhead to the British general, Sir John Moore, a favorite of the troops, a man of the people. What happened to Sir John?

"Killed by Napoleon's troops at the Battle of Corunna during the British retreat from Spain," Glasco says. "Before then the British had been giving Napoleon's forces fits and he decided enough was enough. He came in and took charge personally."

The parallel is obvious. Edgar Kaiser, Denver's new owner, bought the Broncos from the Phipps family last winter and fired Miller 10 days later. Edgar Kaiser is Glasco's Napoleon. And Dan Reeves, Kaiser's new coach who had the Dallas playbook with him when he arrived in Denver, how about him?

"I haven't figured that out yet," Glasco says. "I'm working on it."

There are a lot of pieces of the Denver puzzle that haven't settled firmly into place. Reeves, who spent 15 years in the Dallas organization, four of them as offensive coordinator, says, "I don't know how good we really are. Maybe some people didn't take us seriously at first. I know we have a defense that can keep us in any game."

The offense was Reeves's baby with the Cowboys, and it was no secret what he was going to do in Denver. Call it Dallas Northwest. Multiple formations and sets, motion all over the place, misdirection—"Some people call it trickery," Reeves says—and, finally, when all the movable parts have reached their destinations and the ball is snapped, a reliance on the running game to control the ball.

The world was waiting to see what Dallas Northwest would look like first time out. It didn't look like much. The Jets blew it away 33-7 in the Broncos' opening exhibition game. Denver didn't complete a pass in the first half and balanced it off with a running attack that went nowhere.

"A total coaching failure," Reeves says. "As long as I've been coaching, I've never prepared an offense that poorly. The players had no chance."

Dallas Northwest scored only eight

touchdowns in four exhibition games. The Broncos beat Oakland 9-7 in their regular-season opener on a gift touchdown pass, on that play Wide Receiver Rick Upchurch stepped out of bounds while running his pattern, but the ref didn't notice it. After the loss to Seattle, the Broncos had scored 19 points in two games, and analysts were pointing out



With Napoleonic élan, the bearded Glasco throws a classic block for Tony Reed.

that, despite all the fancy window dressing, the Broncos were lining up with the same people who had manned the NFL's fourth worst attack in 1980.

The offense had been a sore point in the Miller era. In his first year, the Super Bowl year, it was a holding operation. Hold the score down until the defense could get on the field, that wild and flamboyant defense that scored touchdowns and forced turnovers. In 1980 the Broncos' yardage sank from 12th in the league to 25th. The defense wore out, finally. It cracked.

"We were banged up and we were weary," Inside Linebacker Randy Gradishar says. "Every game it seemed like we were going to be on the field for 75 to 80 plays."

So along came Reeves with a whole playbook full of ideas, but the same peo-

ple to run them. The quarterback, Craig Morton, was 38 years old, the oldest player in the NFL, one year older than the coach, less than a year younger than the owner.

After the loss to Dallas in the '78 Super Bowl, when the Denver offense turned the ball over eight times, Bronco officials rubbed their hands and said, "Well, the first thing we have to do is replace Morton."

Oh, the Broncos worked at it. They tried trades and drafts and free agents. But like an old and weather-worn sea wall, Morton beat off wave after wave of challengers—Norris Weese, Craig Penrose, Matt Robinson and, this year, Jeff Knappe and Mark Herrmann. And when Denver lined up for the first snap of the 1981 season, there Morton was behind the center again. He has got a pair of

*continued*



Reeves and ex-Cowboy teammate Morton have pointed Denver in the ways of Dallas.

#### DENVER BRONCOS *continued*

knees that practically face each other. When he drops back to pass, you hear chains clanking. But Reeves knew this about Morton: "Give him time and he'll throw the eyes out of the ball. His arm's as good as it ever was."

They go back 16 years together, all the way back to the Cowboys' 1965 training camp at Thousand Oaks, Calif., when Reeves was a free agent/running back/quarterback/defensive back—you-name-it back—out of South Carolina and Morton was a first-round choice, the fifth player picked in the NFL draft, right behind Tucker Frederickson, Ken Willard, Dick Butkus and Gale Sayers.

"The first time I ever laid eyes on him," Reeves says, "he was guiding min-

ature cars around a track on the floor of his room at camp. I was getting something like \$10 a day and my wife was pregnant with our first child [they now have three] and I was sending everything I had back home. Then I walked into Craig's room and saw him playing with those little cars. They had to cost more than I made in a week.

"He threw a ball that was extremely tough to catch. Everything he threw was hard. It didn't make any difference if the receiver was five yards away or 55. His first day of practice he split the webbing between two fingers on one of Bob Hayes's hands. And he hit Buddy Dial in the nose. Dial looked like W.C. Fields."

Sixteen years later Morton says he doesn't feel odd about being the oldest

player in the NFL—"just happy that I'm still around." After the Baltimore game, after his second touchdown pass had put him over the 25,000 mark for career yards, reporters asked him to describe himself. "Persistent," he said.

"In 16 years I've seen about all of it," he said last week, "the good and the bad. I'm healthy now. I'm playing in a system I'm used to. Sure, I was excited about Danny bringing in the Dallas system, about him getting the job here. We're good friends. He was in my wedding party. It's good now, but there have been times it wasn't so good.

"I've had four knee operations, one shoulder operation and one on my elbow. One year they had to take a tendon out of my foot and put it in my shoulder so I could throw again."

Morton has lost no time to injury this year, and on Sunday he showed the Lions the kind of tricks you pick up after 16 years of service. He built his remarkable long-ball stats—13 for 18 for 283 yards and three TDs—on two biggies, a 95-yarder to Steve Watson on Denver's first possession and a 40-yarder for another score to Watson later in the first half. He gave the Lions his whole repertoire on those two: he play-faked, pump-faked, looked the safeties off and then delivered on the money. He has thrown 13 touchdowns in six games, one more than he threw all last season. He has thrown only six interceptions, and his history has been more interceptions than TDs, 166-162 before this season.

The Broncos' offense is traveling at a clip of 359.7 yards per game, the best they've ever had over a season and 80 yards a game better than in their Super Bowl year. The emergence of Watson and Fullback Rick Parros has helped, but these aren't entirely new faces. Parros, a fourth-round draft choice from Utah State in 1980, was an injured reserve last year. Watson was a situation sub the past two years, a guy they'd put in in hopeless situations, when he'd run deep routes into double-coverage. This season he has surfaced as a speedy and dedicated wide receiver who has caught 24 passes for a league-leading (with San Diego's Chuck Muncie) seven touchdowns and an amazing 24.1-yard average.

The defense is No. 1 overall in the NFL and No. 1 against the pass. It's up there in sacks—21 compared with 39 all last year and 19 two years ago. But defense has been a tradition with the Bron-

*continued*

Kaiser likes to mix with the players but promises he won't mess with the playbook.



# EARLY TIMES. THE WAY IT WAS, IS THE WAY IT IS.



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1860

TODAY





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The 300 D Sedan and 300 CD Coupe now generate 45 percent more power—a smooth, hushed, turbinelike flow of power—but generate no extra thirst for fuel. And the only diesels that rival their performance are the two other Turbodiesels from Mercedes-Benz.



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It is a turbocharger, the mechanical heart of an advanced power system that Mercedes-Benz pioneered and has since proven in its 300 SD Sedan and 300 TD Station Wagon; that ingenious interlocking of turbine and diesel technologies, the Turbodiesel.

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300 CD

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Not even the Turbodiesel's transmission is the same. It is a compact four-speed hydraulic wizard of an automatic, a torque converter device so quick that it can shift gears in 1/10th of a second, so smooth that many shifts are imperceptible.

## 45 percent more pleasurable

The 300 D Sedan is not the largest or the costliest Mercedes-Benz Turbodiesel, but its superb new ratio of power to weight makes it close to the quickest. Imagine the effect on a 3589-lb automobile of 45 percent

more power—paid for with less than five percent more weight.

Imagine the effect of this extra performance on a numble handling car already second to no sedan, foreign or domestic, in roadholding prowess.

The 300 D remains at the same time an ideal family automobile, conveying five adults within one of the more intelligently designed and appointed cabins on wheels. Almost every reasonable amenity already exists in the 300 D—without consulting an option list.

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cos. The big difference is on offense, and last Sunday Reeves cut back on the amount of stuff he put in and simplified things a bit.

"See this," Reeves said last Friday, holding up the ready-list for the Detroit game. "There are three inches blank on the front of the page. The Dallas list used to run down to the bottom, and the whole back of the page would be filled. Our back page is double-spaced and it still isn't filled. Right now I'm probably using 75% of the Dallas offense playwise, and 60% formationwise."

"I learned two things here. I learned I had to slow down. I was putting in too much too fast. Fifteen to 20 plays doesn't seem like much to the coaches, but to the players it's an astronomical number to perfect in a week. And I had to learn a great deal of patience."

Still, there have been some humorous moments. In training camp two running backs, Rob Lytle and Dave Preston, started in motion at the same time and knocked each other flat. In the second Oakland game, a 17-0 shutout, Tight End Ron Egloff and Morton and Reeves conferred on the sideline and decided on an intricate maneuver in which Egloff would go in motion, left to right, shift left and go back in motion right. It wound up totally fouled up. Morton screamed, "Stay there!" after Egloff had run his first swerve. Egloff stepped back. Haven Moses, the banker, had to jump up to the line of scrimmage. They ran the play anyway, and the Raiders, as confused as the Broncos, watched Paros dart 20 yards for a touchdown.

"We call the maneuver Camelhead Motion now," Egloff says. "Camelhead's my nickname."

The operation is becoming more orderly, though. The defense, given some deep-breathing room as the offense controls the ball for huge chunks of time—its average of 33:08 minutes per game is No. 3 in the NFL—is playing up to the old glory of 1977. And in the owners' box, Kaiser sits back and enjoys himself. "What's the good of having a team," he says, "if you can't have fun?"

He's an interesting fellow. His credentials in the business world, as chairman and chief executive officer of Kaiser Resources Ltd., a family-owned energy conglomerate, can rank with those of any owner in the NFL, but his biography in the Broncos' press book takes up only half a page. He gets down on the field

with the coaches before the kickoff. On plane trips he goes over the game plan with Reeves. "Hey, he's the coach, and I'm certainly not going to interfere with the football end of things," Kaiser says, "but it's a lot more fun to know what's going to happen."

"When I came here I felt there were two things I had to do. One, keep my mouth shut, and two, turn this into a profitable enterprise." The Broncos were the only NFL team that declared a loss last year. He says he was "shocked" when he looked at the team payroll—the highest in the league. Gradishar, the Afl-Pro, was called in to renegotiate his \$370,000 salary—downward. It was either that or be traded, "Fine," said Gradishar, who

rest of the names were sent out as mere feelers and foolers.

Matters still aren't completely settled. Reeves doesn't even have a contract. "What's so strange about that?" Kaiser says. "Grady Alderman doesn't have one, either. I believe the man is more important than the contract. Anyway, we're working on it."

It's not that easy to brush off. Friends of Reeves say he won't sign a contract until he's certain that some aspects of the operation are clearly defined, such as trades. He wants to make sure that when a quickie deal has to be made, when a bang-bang, take-it-or-leave-it opportunity comes up, he can move quickly.

The bottom line, though, is that right



Rick Kane got the old Orange Crush, but the Lion runners squeezed out a lot of yards

had played hurt for the last couple of years. "Trade me."

"That was a great mistake, an embarrassment," says Grady Alderman, Kaiser's new general manager, who abandoned that approach. "My mistake I was the one who came up with that idea. I was new in the job. Hey, I'm from Detroit and I figured Chrysler did it, why shouldn't we? What the hell, we learn from our mistakes."

The word went around the league that all the higher-priced Broncos were up for trade. Alderman says only two were, Gradishar and Linebacker Bob Swenson, who was holding out at the time. The

now the Broncos are very successful in the area where it shows first, won-lost. But the Orange Crush mania of '77, the frenzy that gripped the town and the team and made the Broncos sentimental favorites around the entire country, will never be repeated. It was a one-shot thing.

"It's hard to explain, but it'll never be the same," says Safety Billy Thompson, a Bronco for 13 years. "That was 1977, we were younger, we were all caught up in the excitement. Now we're more efficient. We're businesslike."

Or as Tom Glavac says, "Waterloo is not in our plans."

END



## ***No Fly In The Soup So Far***

The Ayala family has had its ups and downs but Tony Jr., 18, is undaunted and undefeated  
by **JACK McCALLUM**

**A**ntonio Ayala Sr. pilots his maa-roon Citation through the largely undeveloped countryside northwest of San Antonio, his dreams along for the ride.

"Look at this country, eh, amigo. I get out here and I'm like another person. What we want to do is build a nice ranch house with a little gym next door and enough land to keep some horses. Maybe 15, 20 acres. Get up every morning, look out over the hills toward the city. Hey, it's a long way from the barno, eh, amigo? I guess I'm one crazy Mexican thinking about this. But it's like my father used to say: 'A man without dreams is nothing.'"

Ayala drives up a steep road and slows down by an attractive Spanish-style house built on a knoll. A frown appears on his round face. "That's the place we had picked out before, amigo, back when Mike was going good. That dream didn't work out. You know, the Mexicans have a saying that goes, 'No falta una mosca en caldo.' It means something like, 'You're never lacking a fly in the soup.' I believe that. I'm a dreamer, but I still believe that fly's always buzzing around somewhere. There's always something that goes wrong. Like with Mike and, later, Sammy. But with Tony... well, so far there's been no fly."

Undefeated Antonio Ayala Jr., the 18-year-old boxer who will either answer his father's prayers or put the *mosca* back in the *caldo*, has knocked out 12 of his 14 professional opponents, 11 of them in four rounds or fewer. He is the WBC's 14th-ranked junior middleweights and he is rated fifth by *The Ring* magazine.

But Ayala is more than just a legitimate challenger for Wilfred Benitez' title and a future contender in the middleweight division, in which he fought during much of his amateur career. He's a blood-and-guts mauler, a barrel of Chicano oil for boxing's hyperbole machine.

Ayala felt Schoolboy Cheatham insulted him: He knocked him out in the sixth

Remember Marciano? Hey, you should see Ayala. Remember the young LaMotta? Hey, you should see Ayala. Remember the pre-no-más Duran? Hey, you should see Ayala. His nickname is *El Torito*, the baby bull.

Some Ayala reviews:

Promoter Bob Arum: "The best young fighter I've ever seen in my life."

Flash Gordon, a respected judge of ring talent: "The best young fighter in the world right now."

Angelo Dundee, cornerman for Muhammad Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard: "There's no telling what he can do. He's going to be champion."

You wouldn't necessarily know it from Ayala's physique. When he isn't training, he has weighed as much as 170 (the junior middleweight limit is 154), which is a lot

on 5' 8". His arms are thick pumping machines that wear down an opponent with body punches. His dark face is full and round, though not as much as his father's. Antonio Sr. could have been cast in one of those old bandito movies. There is a little roll around Torito's middle, but that, too, fits his image: a Ruthian sort who could go blithely to seed but for now chooses to stay reasonably fit and overpower mere mortals.

Because of his lack of height, Ayala has become a slugger, battering and burrowing inside. "Most of the guys I've boxed have been taller and I've had most of them out," says Torito, who hasn't lost a fight since he was eight years old. "I get 'em angry and make 'em come into my range." So far only Mike Baker (who lost an eight-round decision to Torito last *continued*





Mom says the boys grew up too fast.

Nov. 1) and Nicanor Camacho (who lost a 10-round decision two months ago) have stayed out of range.

The Camacho fight was particularly important to Ayala's development. It took place in his hometown of San Antonio, and the crowd was screaming for a knockout . . . in the first round. But Camacho ran for 10 rounds (it was Torito's first fight at that distance) and Ayala couldn't put him away. So Ayala had the posse stalk Camacho, refusing to allow the restive crowd to incite him to rash assaults, and won nearly every round. Torito began fighting at age five (he won 140 of 148 amateur fights, and at age 14 he more than held his own in a sparring session with Pipino Cuevas, then the WBA welterweight champion) and he's ring-wise beyond his years. Nonetheless, he still has a tendency to rely too much on a left hand to the body, his main and most effective punch.

But that might be changing, as was demonstrated in his most recent fight, against Jose Baquedano on the Leonard-Thomas Hearn's undercard in Las Vegas. Baquedano came to slug it out and did score early in the first round while Ayala

looked for an opening. He found it when he came off the ropes with a short right about 40 seconds into the bout. It stunned Baquedano and Torito knocked him out with a barrage of lefts in just 69 seconds. "He has had a good right hand," says Lou Duva, who helps manage Ayala, "but he's never had to use it. We're trying to get him to not rely just on the left so he'll become a more complete boxer."

Ayala's defense needs work, too. "I can't get up in the ring and bounce around for 10 rounds," he says. "I ain't got the height. I'm not going to pretend I'm a boxer. . . I'm basically a slugger. But I do have my own artistic way of slipping [punches]. I don't get hit easily."

Complex strategy has never played a role in Torito's fights. To date, his handlers have more or less just pointed him toward the center of the ring. "He's basically a fight fan's fighter," says Duva. "But with some of the tougher opponents, we'll make a battle plan and have him stick to it." Torito has worked with veteran Philadelphia trainer George Benton to smooth out some of his rough edges and learn the slip-and-slide method.

When Ayala has been in trouble he has shot his way out. In the 1979 National Golden Gloves final Lamont Kirkland knocked him down in the first round. Duva, who at the time wasn't associated with Ayala, was at home watching the fight on television. "That kid got up, shook it off, turned and smiled at his father in his corner and tore into Kirkland," Duva says. Torito also showed Duva what Duva always wanted to see in a boxer—the heart to get off the floor. "That's when I fell in love with the kid," Duva says. Torito showed the same kind of

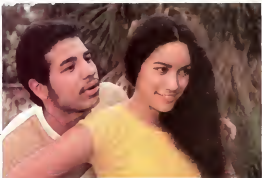
heart last March when Mario Maldonado knocked him down for the first time as a pro with a vicious left to the head in the first round. Ayala struggled up at five and knocked out Maldonado in the third round.

This kill-or-be-killed style has led some to wonder if Ayala will burn himself out prematurely. Indeed, his father and Duva are giving him a rest until at least mid-December. "and when he comes back it won't be a big fight," Duva says. However, there is speculation that Ayala Sr., who admits he's a hard driver, will push Torito too fast. "We'll fight Hearn, Leonard, Godzilla himself," Ayala Sr. said after the Baquedano fight.

"We've got to be a little careful with Tony," Duva says in contrast. "He's still so young. His father sometimes thinks of Tony as a fight fan would. A fan would like to see a kid like that fight four gorillas in one night." Lately, however, Duva is starting to sound like a fan himself. "We're basically looking for any of the top people to fight Tony next year," he says. "[Ayub] Kalule, Cuevas, Maurice Hope. And we'd love to fight Roberto Duran. That would be some fight. I guarantee you one of them would be carried out."

But there appears to be enough savvy in Ayala's camp to keep him from being rushed. His co-manager, with Duva, is Shelly Finkel, who is associated with Main Event Productions, Inc., which promoted the Leonard-Hearn fight. Duva's son, Dan Duva, is the lawyer who heads up Main Event, which, obviously, is actively involved in promoting Torito's fights. All decisions are talked over among Tony Sr., Finkel and continued

With Lisa Paez, Tony is simply another 18-year-old with a girl he wants to show off.





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the Duvis. The Main Event people, for example, have gotten the Ayalas together with Randy Neuman, a former heavyweight boxer turned financial adviser. "The pension plan Randy's arranging will have Torito set for life," says Dan Duva. The Neuman plan, in fact, will be featured in an upcoming *Forbes* magazine article on financial planning for athletes who earn spectacular sums over a brief career.

"He was just this fat little guy," Lisa Paez says of her first meeting with Torito 2½ years ago in San Antonio's Brackenridge Park. Six months ago Lisa, also 18, moved in with the Ayala family. She and Tony share a room "except when Torito's in training." The scenario, so unlikely in *Endless Love*, is so natural here. "Just follow my wife," Ayala tells a visitor Lisa stops and glares at him. "Sometimes he calls me his wife," she says, "sometimes he calls me his fiancée, and sometimes he just calls me his friend. He's confused."

Actually, Tony is at his least confused when he's out with Lisa. He's just an 18-year-old with a car and a girl with good looks he wants to be near and show off. On a bright, recent Saturday afternoon he and Lisa are strolling on a walkway above the San Antonio River, which cuts, canal-like, through the center of the city. Tony leans over and makes a guttural spitting sound as a tourist boat passes underneath; most of the passengers look up in horror. "Just kidding," he says with a smile and a wave. "He's really just a big kid still," Lisa says, "no different than when I first met him. He really doesn't like all this publicity, but he knows he's got to go through with some of it." Suddenly, Ayala turns, rushes back and begins bobbing and weaving around Lisa as if they were in a 20-foot ring, irritating her enough that she finally has to protect herself.

Tony and Lisa stop at a restaurant for iced tea. "I'm sorry but you can't drink here without ordering fud," says the waiter, an Oriental. Tony, who in his comic moments sounds a lot like the dope comic Cheech, picks up on it. "Oh, man, we gotta get fud, huh? Well, let's go someplace where we don't need to get fud." Fud becomes the day's standing joke, though Lisa tires of it about the 100th time Tony uses it. It's hard to turn the conversation away from boxing and fud. Tony is told that Nolan Ryan pitched his fifth no-

hitter that day. "Who's Nolan Ryan?" Tony asks. He is 18 and he has his car and his girl and who needs this Nolan Ryan? When last seen early that Saturday evening, Tony and Lisa were on their way to Military Drive, San Antonio's most popular cruising spot.

Torito is much more sedate around the Ayalas' southside home. The star on Sunday is Pauline Ayala, Tony's mother. She's up early, making tacos and the cheese-filled tortillas called *quesadillas*. They will be served with her homemade *caldos*, which is loaded with beef and vegetables. Her son's trophies and ribbons, along with her own collection of religious pictures, are everywhere, competing for work space in the kitchen.

The most crowded room in the house, however, belongs to 14-year-old Pablo, or Paulie, the youngest of the four brothers. A boxer himself with a 45-2 amateur record, Paulie lives in the back room with his own trophy collection and his pets—a cockatiel, three parakeets, a tank of tropical fish and, usually, the family's four dogs. "This is my family," he says shyly. After his favorite parakeet, Goldie, the one he had taught to talk, died, Paulie was sad for days. Tony and Paulie are the only sons at home now. As much as his father wants to drive Tony to the championship, Pauline wants to drive Paulie to graduation day. He's in

ninth grade now and Tony only went that far. Oldest brother Mike quit in his senior year; Sammy, the second-oldest, quit in the 11th grade.

"I kind of think of my boys like the fingers on a hand," Mrs. Ayala says. "They're attached to each other, but none of them is quite like the other. Michael was the sentimental one, very down-to-earth. Sammy was the slugger, independent, never paid attention. Tony kind of keeps to himself, though the publicity has drawn him out somewhat. Paulie's kind of quiet, too. He plays with his animals and he's very gentle. But, like *command*



Tony made quick work (89 seconds) of Baquedano.

"The day my dad isn't in my corner," Tony says, "is the day I don't fight anymore."



the others, he's got a temper. He can fight.

"But I know one thing that will be different—Paulie is going to finish high school. With the others it was always this macho kind of thing about school: 'Who needs it?' But I'm going to see to it that Paulie finishes. He will be the first Ayala to make it through.

"Sometimes I wonder if other families have had all the ups and downs that we've had. Sometimes I think this boxing has made my boys grow up too fast. They found out about life, girls, everything too early. Look at Mike. He had the stars in his hands and he let go. Why?"

Mike Ayala, now 23, fought Danny (Little Red) Lopez for the WBC featherweight championship on June 17, 1979. Ayala took him to the 15th round before Lopez knocked him out. At the time, Ayala was a heroin user. A year and a half before, he had shot and wounded another San Antonio fighter, Gilbert Galvan, after a quarrel over the ownership of a TV set. Mike is fighting again (he's the top-ranked WBC super bantamweight), but he seems to be a long way from another title shot. Sammy, 22, sells cars by day and dreams of a comeback by night, but his father says Sammy's career (he was once the 16th-ranked WBC junior welterweight) is over. Sammy never liked training and is philosophical about it.

"Me and Mike liked to party too much," Sammy says. "And our other big problem was letting people guide us, people we shouldn't have been listening to. But Tony doesn't have that problem. He's smarter than we were. He's dedicated. Tony's going the right way."

Torito went the wrong way once. In December of 1978 Tony, then 15, assaulted a girl in a restroom of a San Antonio drive-in. Ordered to stand trial as an adult, he pleaded guilty to a charge of aggravated assault (reduced from attempted aggravated rape) and was sentenced to 10 years in prison on March 28 of last year. In June of 1980 the sentence was reduced to 10 years' probation after the girl appeared in court and testified



Tony's been fighting since he was five, hasn't lost since he was eight and has always been a slugger.



she felt both she and Ayala had suffered enough.

According to a newspaper report, the girl's suffering was eased by a substantial cash payment. "We paid a large amount of money to get out of it," Tony Sr. told the *Dallas Times Herald*. "I won't say how much. But Bob Arum needed a commitment from us for television. So he says, 'Pay the damn girl off.' We paid X

amount of dollars, and that's actually all they were looking for."

Tony Jr. says he no longer touches liquor, and insists he has avoided the drug trap that ensnared Mike. He still has a little trouble with automobiles—he refers to himself as "one of San Antonio's leading scofflaws"—but he also is quick to add that "some of my best friends are policemen now. Honest."

This isn't to say that Ayala is now a model citizen in and out of the ring. Last January he knocked down Jose Luis Baltazar in the second round, then spit on him because Baltazar allegedly insulted him before the bout. He felt he had been insulted by Jerry (Schoolboy) Cheatham, too, preceding their June 25 bout in Houston, so several times before the fight even started, his handlers literally had to hold him back. Cheatham went down in the sixth, and to this day it's Torito's favorite on the videotape player, on the other hand, he recently dozed off during a replay of his 10-rounder with Camacho.

But the moscas keep buzzing the calfo. Ayala Sr. worries that Tony will drift away like Mike and Sammy, and some boxing people are concerned that Ayala Sr. shouldn't be so closely involved with his son's boxing career.

But not Torito. "The day my dad isn't in my corner is the day I don't fight anymore," he says. "I've had other trainers tell me it isn't good. I tell them it is good." And for now Torito's stated goal is at one with his father's: "I want to make enough money to keep the family close," he says, "and build a place where we can all be together."

They never seemed closer than on the night of Torito's knockout of Baquedano in Vegas. After the fight the son sat on a bench and the father stood beside him as half a dozen reporters asked questions. "Yes, he's still got some baby fat," said Tony Sr., a smile lighting up his pudgy face. "But he's still a baby. He's my baby." Torito looked up, smiled and leaned his head against his father's leg. The old man reached out and cupped his son's face with a chunky hand. Men without dreams, amago, are nothing. **END**

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IT'S WORTH IT.

# Bang! Gotcha! You're Dead

A dozen adults armed with CO<sub>2</sub> guns take to the woods in a stylized reenactment of the childhood game of 'war' **by ROBERT F. JONES**

**M**ine was probably the last generation of American boys whose favorite game was "war." Any spare time that we had aside from school, church and chores would find us bellying through the woods or hiding behind trees, toy Tommy guns cradled in our

arms. Small boys do not believe in death, and because we were shooting nothing more deadly than our imaginations, all our "wounds" quickly mended. Yet we were, in our minds, fierce warriors, and all of us looked forward to the day when we could charge up a bench or take a hill.

This may explain why, on the morning of June 27, 1981, 47 years old, balding, bespectacled and running to blubber, I stood at the edge of a 125-acre patch of New Hampshire woods, clad in camouflage gear, pistol in hand, my face grease-painted brown, black and green, and again prepared to play war.

Elsewhere on the perimeter of these woods, 11 other men, similarly dressed and armed, were taking their last compass bearings and checking to be sure their



A player dashes in to capture a flag from one of four stations. If he's lucky, or smart, he'll get away unspattered by a CO<sub>2</sub> "bullet."

guns were loaded. Our pistols were large-bore Nel-spot 007s, CO<sub>2</sub> handguns manufactured by the Nelson Paint Company of Iron Mountain, Mich. for the marking of cattle. The guns fire dye-filled plastic balls about half an inch in diameter which burst on contact, thus marking the "victim" with paint. Effective range, we were told, was 30 yards—a long shot for even a finely built conventional handgun, especially under "combat" conditions.

"These pellets will sting at close range," Charles Gaines warned in his invitation to participate in what he calls *The Game*, "but injury is unlikely, if not impossible, unless you are hit in the eye. To guard against that, safety glasses are mandatory."

Gaines is a 39-year-old Alabamian, gentleman to the core, a body builder with arms like I've got legs, and a writer who with his book *Pumping Iron*, done in conjunction with photographer George Butler, put that new Austrian Alp on the maps: the one called Arnold Schwarzenegger. A fine novelist (*Stay Hungry and Dying*), Gaines is also an accomplished outdoorsman—bird hunter, fly-fisherman, white-water canoeist and rock-climber.

"We began discussing *The Game* about five years ago," says Gaines. "A gang of us were sitting around up here in New Hampshire, and the talk turned to survival. Some of us were hunters and woodsmen, but others had never stepped off a mowed suburban lawn. The question arose as to whether survival was an instinct or something that had to be learned. The city guys, of course, said they were every bit as good at surviving as the country guys—maybe better, thanks to all the dangers of the city. So finally we came up with this: *The First Annual Survival Game*."

Basically, the rules of *The Game* are these: A 125-acre "playing field"—a parcel of wooded, boulder-studded, hilly land unfamiliar to all the players—is divided into four quadrants, named Blue, Yellow, Red and Green. In each of these zones, a red-shirted quadrant judge stands watch over a dozen flags the color of his quadrant which hang from a convenient tree limb. The 12 players, three to a quadrant, enter the woods simultaneously but far enough apart from one another to make it impossible to know exactly where anyone is. Each player is armed with a Nel-spot pistol. The point of the game is for a player to make his way into



As Jones (aiming) found, the quick stood the best chance of not being the dead.

each quadrant, capture one flag from each of the four flag stations and escape from the woods to a home base outside the playing field without being marked with dye. The first player to do this wins.

Simple enough: a slightly more complex version of that age-old kid's game, Capture the Flag, with the added element of perhaps a little pain from the dye pellets. The complicating factor lay in the nature of the players. "The Committee wants represented a variety of professionals and personalities," wrote Gaines in his invitation, "and seeks in common among the Players only a demonstrated tendency toward wit, variety and savage competitiveness. . . . A few of you are acknowledged woodsmen and/or hunters; others of you are not. The Committee deems that neither woodsmanship nor marksmanship is as important to the effective playing of *The Game* as are wit and a sharp instinct for survival that might have been as finely honed in the streets of New York as in the woods of New Hampshire."

The mix of players was a good one. Three had little or no experience of the woods, either as hunters or nature watchers. Five were experienced big-game (everything from Rocky Mountain bighorns to African buffalo) or deer hunters and one of this group had hunted men: He

had been a Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol leader in Vietnam, also known as a "Lurp." The remaining three, including Gaines, had some hunting experience, but mainly as bird hunters of the upland persuasion, where the hunter doesn't have to worry about stalking or making a lot of noise. All of the players were highly, and in some cases intensely, competitive. It had been hoped that at least one woman might be enlisted for this first game, and although a few expressed early interest, none showed.

After studying maps of the playing field supplied by Gaines, each player was required to submit his game strategy, either on tape or in writing, before the horns went off on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. These strategies would be kept secret until after *The Game*, at which time they would be evaluated as to their efficiency. The strategies revealed more about the players, man for man, than mere appearances might have suggested. Take Ronnie Simpkins, for example. A jolly, blond, rather roly-poly Alabamian of 32, he looked about as threatening as Winnie the Pooh. Yet when he isn't farming in Camden, Ala., Simpkins is out in the "woo-uds," usually hunting wild turkeys—the warriest of game birds. A consummate tracker and marksman, he has as well a fierce killer instinct that would

continued

do credit to his Johnny Reb ancestors. "Mah strategy," he told the tape recorder in a piping drawl, "will be, in the morann", to get into the woo-uds somewhere between 100 and 200 yards, or within shooting distance of the flag station, as quick as I can, and wait till one or two of the pursuers that are next to me try to capture a flag—and then eliminate each one of them...." Then the drawl intensified. "And Charles Gaines," he said, "I'm gonna waste you—fast!"

Gaines himself, whose back had gone sore on him earlier in the week, had to revise his initial aggressive strategy and settle for a spotter's role. His plan was to zap anyone who came along—because he figured he couldn't outrun them.

Hayes Noel, 40, a native Tennessean, who is a trader on the American Stock Exchange, is a non-hunter with no woods experience. But he's a runner, and a serious one. Wiry and quick, he planned to dart around the woods, running perhaps five or six miles in the course of the day, grabbing flags where he could and marking the flag tree with his white-dye bullets so as to lead other players into believing he was lurking nearby in ambush, thus slowing them down.

The man most psyched up for The Game was Bob Gurnsey, 38, a plump but intense deep-water sailor from New London, N.H. Gurnsey had developed a "complete interior strategy" in which he would avoid both the perimeter trails of the playing field and the other players. "I don't intend ever having my gun drawn," he said. He would run the side hills from flag to flag, computing his time, speed and distance like a seagoing navigator op-



Inventor Gaines was also a prime target.

erating on dead reckoning. (It nearly got him "dead" within the first five minutes of The Game.) He also predicted that The Game would be won "in less than 90 minutes," even though Gaines had allotted nine hours.

Two other players also planned to avoid nightfights while moving fast from flag to flag. Jerome Gary, 35, is a New York film producer, a non-hunter but another serious distance runner. He hoped to stay to the high ground, sprinting, and thus get through unshot. Carl Sandquist, 38, an estimator for a Dover, N.H. building contractor, said he would have to see the lay of the land before he could commit himself to a plan, but in the end he, too, decided to stay out of trouble as best he could. Sandquist is a deer hunter, and much of the success he was to have came from his ability to see other players in the

midsummer tangle of forest before they saw him. When Sandquist did bump into an enemy, he simply "froze" and lay low until danger was past. Most of the practiced hunters went into the woods with the same basic plan: to move in the classic "still hunting" mode used for stalking deer—take a few steps, no more than six, then pause for an equal length of time, looking and listening. It is a slow means of progress, but it allows the hunter to see his quarry before the quarry sees him. That was the strategy I planned to follow, as did Ritchie White, 35, a registered forester from Bow, N.H.; Ken Barren, 32, a real-estate syndicator from Shrub Oak, N.Y.; and Dr. Robert Carlson, 40, an emergency-room physician from Birmingham, Ala. Carlson is a great dark giant of a man, and despite the humanitarian nature of his calling, he proved to be the top gun of the day, accounting for five "dead" before he himself went under.

Perhaps the most elaborate strategy was that drafted by Joe Dennon, 37, a stockbroker from Chichester, N.H., who also happens to be a former middleweight amateur boxer. His plan called for elaborate stalking from post to post, mixed in with occasional ambushes and sudden sprints. "I think patience will be the winner," he said before the start. "It will be a long hunt." It did not turn out that way for Dennon, however. He lost his map before he even entered the woods and with no hunting experience behind him, he was incapable of finding his way around. He took himself out of The Game after less than an hour. Thus, for want of a slip of paper, his war was lost.

The most feared player was Tony Atwill, the former Lurp. In a Calcutta auction the night before, he took top money—\$140. Now a free-lance writer living in Dorset, Vt., Atwill is a tall, husky, wide-grinning guy of 35, whose laid-back manner belies his combat credentials. Yet from the time he arrived in Vietnam, during the Tet Offensive in 1968, to the end of his tour a year later, he led a dozen long-range patrols deep into "Indian Country"—the Viet Cong-dominated paddies and rain forests of interior Indochina. He doesn't talk much about those days, but I've hunted with him often enough to know how silently he can move, even on autumn-dry leaves. His marksmanship is equally impressive.

At 10 o'clock sharp I pushed off into the woods. The day was hot and sunny, but the woods lay deep and speckled in

The pistols that the 12 players were armed with fired unreliable paint pellets.



green gloom. Every shadow twitched and stretched into man-form, and even the quick scamper of a chipmunk sounded like a charging berserker. I knew that Gurnsey, the navigator, was somewhere off to my right. To my left was Samplings, the farmer, but he had made it no secret that he would be hunting Gaines, so he would be no immediate threat to me.

The terrain to the east, my right, was a sloping hollow cut by a seasonal brook, sort of a salient in the southwest corner of the playing field. It contained the yellow flag station. We later nicknamed it, for its encounters, "Blood Alley." I assumed that Gurnsey would head directly for Yellow, capture a flag, then move down Blood Alley toward the Green station. I figured I'd ambush him. Why not? If he was operating on dead reckoning, I would aid in heightening the dead part.

On the west slope about 75 yards from the flags for that quadrant, in open woods, a jumble of moss-grown boulders rose from the forest floor. Taking position behind one of them, I waited. Sure enough—crunch, crunch, crunch—here came "Guens," trotting along, counting his steps and checking his watch. Time, speed and distance, just as he'd planned. And he was coming right toward me. I raised the pistol slowly, so as not to spook him, and took a rest on the boulder's craggy side. When he came to within 10 yards, I had him square in my sights.

But then a strange thing happened, one that disqualifies me forever from the ranks of the warriors—I hesitated. I knew that Gurnsey had been looking forward to this game for years, and that he had given it every iota of his concentration for weeks on end. He had honed and polished his strategy, psyching himself up to a white-knuckled pitch—and now he was going to be eliminated before The Game was even 70 minutes old. Not just that, but he had been my host the previous evening—he had fed me and housed me, treated me, a complete stranger, as one of the family.

I shot anyway.

And missed.

Maybe it was the pistol's fault, but, in retrospect, I doubt it.

The effect of the shot on Gurnsey, though, was a sight to behold. He literally leaped a yard in the air—like a slightly overweight, heart-shot stag—and then flopped down behind a tree-trunk. He got off a wild shot at me, then sprang to his feet and sprinted up the ridge. "You can't

believe how I felt," he told me later. "I figured no one could be there, not in a million years. By my figuring, you should have been up by Yellow, tussling with someone else. You scared the wee-wee out of me."

After Gurnsey disappeared up the ridge, I waited a few minutes, figuring he might circle back and try to ambush me in turn. Instead, another figure appeared on the ridge above me, threw a shot that flew high and wide, and then—as I shot back—took off sprinting toward the south. I later discovered it had been Jerome Gary, following his "no conflict" strategy and running like hell. Good thing he couldn't shoot straight at long range. He had already "killed" Ken Barrett—a fellow deer stalker and the first man to fall—after Barrett had laid an ambush. He caught Gary along a stone wall, hit him, but was unable to mark him because his "bullet" failed to explode on contact. While Barrett was reloading, Gary simply ran up to him, popped him at close range, said "Gotta!"—and took off at high gear.

Worried that Gary might now be lying in wait for me near Yellow, I headed northeast along the wooded ridge toward Green. I spotted the flag judge's red shirt from the top of the ridge, about 50 yards below me. The whole area was heavily grown with ferns and thick with blow-down trees. Boulders jutted like fangs gone green and black with age. A dangerous place: ambush heaven. Maybe Atwill was down there, plotting my demise as if I were General Gnap himself.

I eased my way down the slope, feeling the camouflage paint on my face beginning to run under the heat. The protective glasses demanded by Gaines were no good at all. They fogged the moment you put them on. Well, to hell with it. The chances of getting hit in the eye were minimal. Besides, after what I had seen, I figured that even to hit a man in the body would be tough enough with these pistols. I could afford to walk boldly toward anyone I spotted and shoot at him from five or 10 yards without fear of being hit farther out. All of which doesn't account for the way my back crawled as I made my way down through the ferns.

There was no one waiting. I pulled a green flag from the tree limb and moved off about 10 yards to consult my map for the route to the Blue station, somewhere northwest of me. As I did so, I had an eerie feeling that someone was watching

me—and it wasn't just the flag judge, whom I could see sitting on a nearby rock reading a paperback.

Hiding behind a thick maple trunk, I scanned the woods to the east. Sure enough, a man with a camouflage net covering his face was taking aim at me not 20 yards away. The net made his head look huge and misshapen, like that of some outrageous troll or hug-eyed monster out of a nightmare. I took a double-handed grip on my pistol, rested the butt on a maple root and sighted in on him. He shot first, but his bullet flew high overhead. I shot back and was wide to the right. I charged toward him, flopping down five yards closer behind another tree. Reloading was slow—you had to work a short bolt and allow a paint-filled ball to fall down into the receiver—and by the time I was finished I saw him aiming again, and shooting—again wide. This time I knew I had him: his knee was protruding from behind the tree. I fired and saw my shot smack his knee.

And bounce off, unexploded!

We charged at one another again, ending up not 15 feet apart. As I worked frantically to reload, his next shot

continued

Forester White won without firing a shot.



splatted against the tree beside me. The smell of paint filled the air, and a splash of white marked my left leg. I was hit, and therefore—by the rules of *The Game*—dead. At the moment I realized this, my “bullet” ruptured in the barrel of the gun as I tried to close the bolt. That did it. I was hors de combat any way you looked at it.

“You got me,” I said. And I was out.

The man in the face net proved to be Dr. Carlson, who had altered his original strategy in favor of taking a spoiler’s role. He had been lying in ambush next to the Green station, picking people off as they came in.

The youthful flag judge, having put down his paperback to witness the fight, gave me a scornful glance. “Why did you give up?” he asked. I showed him the paint on my leg and the ruptured bullet. He still looked scornful. “Why didn’t you run away?” It hadn’t occurred to me.

On my way out of the woods, toward home base and a cold beer, I ran into Atwill. He, too, was paint-splattered. Gaines had gotten him after a brief but furious fire fight in which one of Tony’s bullets—like mine on Carlson—had failed to burst. Gaines, Atwill told me, had indeed been jumped early by Simpkins, his mowed assassin, but Simpkins’ CO<sub>2</sub> cartridge had expended all its propelling power in one fell swoosh. Gaines, always the gentleman, had given Simpkins his own spare cartridge (each of us had a backup, but Simpkins had used his up, along with the six-pack of beer he’d taken along as his morning’s rations). At any rate, Gaines and Simpkins were still at large in the woods, a huntin’.

We ran into Simpkins later, up at the Ultimate Judge’s lookout, a rock outcropping in the center of the field. Simpkins was sweat-drenched and dying for a beer, which we provided him in contravention of the rules of war. But what the hell, a working warrior . . .

Moments later, he was “killed” by the aggressive Carlson, who walked boldly up to Simpkins and plugged him at close range. Atwill and I were, by now, chagrined that we’d been taken out of *The Game* without being hit squarely. We didn’t even know what it felt like. So we asked Charles Gaines’s 12-year-old son, Judge, to take practice target on us at close range. We wanted to see how badly the bullets stung, and, for that matter, whether or not the damned things would even explode.

Answers: Yes, they sting, but not nearly as much as a line drive when your glove happens to be in the wrong place. No, they don’t really explode, some of them at least, even at 10 yards. The body tends to absorb the impact—though Gaines was later hit on the forehead by one of Carlson’s white-paint bullets, which did indeed burst and splatter. Maybe the white bullets break more readily than the other colors. Certainly Carlson got plenty of kinks with them.

Carlson himself was eliminated by Gary in a noisy exchange in Blood Alley near the Yellow station, but he managed to hit the runner-film producer simulta-



The author decided war wasn't his métier.

neously, so that both men were out.

As wasn’t unexpected, the winner turned out to be a hunter following the deer-stalking mode. He was Ritchie White, the New Hampshire forester, and he captured his fourth and final flag at approximately 12:15—two hours and 15 minutes after the war broke out. He was not shot at, nor did he shoot at anyone in the entire course of his peregrinations. The only other player to capture all flags was Sandquist, another deer hunter, who did so long after Ritchie had finished. Sandquist, too, went unshot-at and unshooting.

“I would take three or four steps,” White said later, “then wait. I had two big advantages over most of the players. First, I can read a topo map better than many people can, and so I knew where I was at all times. Secondly, I heard the others before they heard me. I saw Drinnon, Gaines and Simpkins before they could hear me, and just let them go by, then went my own way.”

For his part, Carlson—the Top Gun—captured three flags in the course of his murderous route.

So what did it all prove?

For me, it showed that war is not my métier: I’m too much a sofie when it comes to shooting people I know, however briefly I have known them, and at my age I know a hell of a lot of people. I’m not afraid of being shot myself, but as George Patton used to say: No bastard ever won a war by dying for his country. You win a war by making the other poor bastard die for his. Sorry, George.

We learned that the adrenaline that flows in a quasi-combat situation is of a different quality from that which flows in, say, a game of tennis, golf or even football. One sees quicker, deeper; objects move more slowly; muscles respond more rapidly. There is no fear except in anticipation, in the heat of “banlie” the fire of God fills you and even the troll under the tree trunk is only something to be shot at, or charged.

But I’m glad I played *The Game*. It laid a lot of ghosts for me, and resolved a lot of deep questions in my own mind. I’d play it again. And it appears I will be able to, as Gaines has packaged up his concept and for about \$150 a player will supply you with a National Survival Game: a kit consisting of guns, rules and flags. I’m not sure I like the kit idea, not any more than I like those snippets of conversation I hear down around the hot-dog stand when a group of Dungeons and Dragons players comes in on a break. It’s more than a bit unsettling to listen as a bunch of fuzzy-cheeked youngsters recount frightening massacres and revel in the imagined gore.

But my unease with others taking up a game of dark fantasy doesn’t prevent me from itching to get into *The Game* again myself. Next time I think I’ll play it Ritchie White’s way. Three or four steps, then wait and look and listen. Avoid conflict.

And if it comes to that, as the perceptive flag judge said, why not run? **END**



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Major upsets have been rare in the 77-year history of the World Series. Indeed, a purist might even argue that there can be no such thing as a World Series "upset," so formidable are the champions of the American and the National Leagues. But everyone would agree that there have been results that have caught the majority of experts by surprise. Or outcomes that represented an abrupt reversal of form. Here, then, are 10 World Series still remembered for their unexpected endings:

1903  
BOSTON AMERICANS (AL)  
OVER  
PITTSBURGH PIRATES (NL)

Personally," said Pittsburgh Third Baseman Tommy Leach, before the start of the first game of the inaugural World Series, "I think we have it all over them. I don't see how we can lose." Leach wasn't alone in his thinking. The Pirates, after all, represented the well-established and

supposedly superior National League. They had just won their third straight pennant by six and a half games, leading the league in batting average, doubles, triples, home runs, slugging percentage, stolen bases, earned run average, strikeouts and shutouts. If the Pirates lacked anything it was pitching depth. Pitcher Charles (Deacon) Phillippe led the staff with a 25-9 record, but the only other quality pitcher was Sam Leever, a four-time 20-game winner. Player-Manager Fred Clarke attempted to extract every ounce of the Deacon's energy in the Series, starting him five times in the eight games played.

The Americans, who eventually became the Red Sox in 1907, had credentials of their own. Twenty-game winners Cy Young, Bill Dineen and Long Tom Hughes headed a strong pitching staff that led the American League in ERA and shutouts. Slugging Rightfielder Buck Freeman was the league RBI leader with 104 as the offense led the league in batting and runs scored.

This first World Series was personally arranged in midsummer by the league presidents, Ban Johnson of the AL and Harry Pulliam of the NL, the clubs agreeing to divide the gate receipts equally. Though scheduled as a best-of-nine event it was clear by Game Three that the Series would be a resounding business success.

The teams split the first two games in Boston, leading to a tremendous mob scene prior to the third game. A throng of nearly 20,000 assaulted the Huntington Street Grounds, spilling onto the playing field. The drama began before the game even started, as Pirate Centerfielder Ginger Beaumont, hearing the cries of some trapped, panic-stricken women, plunged into the crowd with two local gendarmes to rescue the damsels, who were in danger of being trampled.

The Pirates banged four ground-rule doubles into the roped-off sections of the outfield and won Game Three, 4-2. Then Phillippe's third victory in Game Four brought Pittsburgh to within one

AMERICAN PITCHER, CY YOUNG '03



1903 BOSTON AMERICANS (AL)



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1903 PITTSBURGH PIRATES (NL)



NATIONAL HALL OF FAME



NATIONAL HALL OF FAME



FIRST WORLD SERIES AGREEMENT '03

1903 WORLD SERIES BASEBALL

CY YOUNG, BOSTON (ALL, 1901-1906)



1905 WORLD SERIES BASEBALL



OUR PITCHER THREE-FINGERED BROWN '06



of the title. However, Boston spirits began to brighten in the fifth game when Young's six-hitter was supported by 14 hits and the Americans won 11-2. "They have but one good pitcher," said Boston reserve Catcher Charlie Farrell, "and though Philippe has beaten us three times already, he cannot do it twice more, unless he is a wonder of wonders."

Good pitcher he was, but wonder of wonders he wasn't. Dinneen bested Leever in the sixth game 6-3 to tie the Series. Pirate Manager Clarke turned to the Deacon again in Game Seven, but Farrell proved to be a prophet when the Americans worked Philippe over for 11 hits and a 7-3 decision. A day of travel and a day of rain gave Clarke another chance to employ his ace, Philippe, but it was his misfortune to run into Dinneen who pitched a four-hitter for his third victory. Boston's Dinneen got all the support he needed from Second Baseman Hobe Ferris, who drove in all the runs in the 3-0 triumph to help the American League take the inaugural Series. The "Superman" National League had to wait two more years for its first victory.

1906  
CHICAGO WHITE SOX (AL)  
OVER  
CHICAGO CUBS (NL)

**N**ow this was an upset, the triumph of the famed White Sox "Hitless Wonders" over a great Cubs team that had won 116 games and lost 56—still the best record in baseball history. The White Sox had hit a collective .228 while the Cubs had won their league pennant by 20 games. But the White Sox had pitching and luck, qualities that any team would be glad to take into post-season competition.

The luck came in the ironic form of an injury to regular White Sox Shortstop George Davis just prior to the Series. Davis' injury caused Sox' Manager Fielder Jones to switch Third Baseman Lee Tannehill to short and insert utility infielder George Rohe at third. Rohe emerged as the batting star of the Series with a .333 average that included key triples in both the first and third games.

The pitching was less of a surprise.

The Sox had won the American League pennant due mainly to the hardy efforts of such outstanding pitchers as right-handers Big Ed Walsh (19-15, 1.88 ERA) and Frank Owen (19-12, 2.33), and southpaws Nick Altrock (21-12, 2.06) and "Georgetown" Doc White (18-6, 1.52). During a 19-game August winning streak the White Sox had recorded eight shutouts. No wonder they could succeed with a high individual batting mark of .279, belonging to Second Baseman Frank (Bald Eagle) Isbell, and a high RBI total of 80 (the injured Davis).

The Cubs had strong pitching also. Player-Manager Frank Chance could call on such virtuosos as Mordecai (Three-Fingered) Brown (26-6, 1.04), Jack Pfeister (19-9, 1.56), Ed Reulbach (20-4, 1.65) and Orval Overall (12-3, 1.88). During the six-game Series the Cub pitchers limited their cross-town rivals to a .198 team batting average. The White Sox pitchers were even better, however. Walsh won two games, fanning 17 men in 15 innings. The White Sox starters held a Cubs team boasting three .300 hitters to a .196 team batting average.

THREE-FINGERED BROWN, CHICAGO (NL), (1904-12, 1915-16)

BIG ED WALSH, CHICAGO (AL), (1904-16)

1906 CHICAGO WHITE SOX (AL)

1914 WORLD SERIES TICKET WITH RAIN CHECK

GRAVESS RABBIT MAPANVILLE '14

BASEBALL HALL OF FAME

HANK GOWDY'S GLOVE '14

BASEBALL HALL OF FAME

1906 CHICAGO CUBS (NL)

BASEBALL HALL OF FAME

BASEBALL HALL OF FAME

BASEBALL HALL OF FAME

BASEBALL HALL OF FAME

1914 SERIES PRIZE BADGE

CORRIG BACK, PHILADELPHIA (AL), (1961-62)

1914 PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS (AL)

FRANK CHANCE, CHICAGO (NL), (1896-1912)

CUB 18 FRANK CHANCE '06

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The teams split the first four games, exchanging shutouts in Games Three and Four by future Hall of Famers Walsh and Brown. Prior to Game Five, Jones gave Isbell a public tongue-lashing because of his failure to hit. Isbell responded by banging out four doubles as the White Sox won, 8-6. They then wrapped up the Series in South Side Park with another most uncharacteristic display of muscle, knocking out 14 hits for an 8-3 victory.

The Hitless Wonders had closed out the Series with 26 hits in two games, but the moral of the story nonetheless remained: *Great pitching beats good pitching.*

1914  
BOSTON BRAVES (NL)  
OVER  
PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS (AL)

**L**et it be recorded that not everyone outside Boston conceded this World Series to Connie

Mack's Philadelphia A's. A New York chap named George Herbert Daley declared in *The Boston Globe*, "It may be flying in the face of figures, it may be fostering a hunch, but here's picking the Boston Braves to defeat the Philadelphia Athletics. The justification for this selection lies more in the psychology of a most unusual situation than in any cold, calculating comparisons of team averages. Much stress can be laid on the enthusiasm of the Braves, who, since July 4, have ridden roughshod over all opposition in the National League at an .800 pace, and who thus have acquired a winning habit and a winning spirit."

Let's hope that Mr. Daley had the financial courage of his convictions, because he correctly forecast and analyzed the difference between the "Miracle Braves" of George Stallings, a team that had been in last place as late as July 17 (and not just July 4, as commonly believed), and the smug A's of Connie Mack, a veteran team that had won world championships in 1910, 1911 and 1913. The Braves simply weren't going to be beaten.

Had the Braves merely won the 1914 World Series, it would have been a great story. But they won in four straight, which had never happened before: Dick Rudolph, a 26-year-old righthander in the prime of his career, added two World Series victories to his 27 regular season wins. Bill James, enjoying his only good season (he earned 26 of his 57 lifetime triumphs in 1914), won the other two. Catcher Hank Gowdy, a .243 hitter, ravaged the A's with a .545 average that included three doubles, a triple and a homer.

The key game may have been the second, a 1-0 thriller in which the Braves' James out-duelled the veteran A's pitcher, Eddie Plank. Boston Shortstop Rabbat Maranville saved the game in the ninth when, with men on first and second and one out, he executed a deft 6-5 double play to end the game. A throwing error by A's Pitcher Bullet Joe Bush gave the Braves a 5-4, 12-inning victory in Game Three, and the Braves completed the sweep in Game Four when Boston Second Baseman Johnny Evers' hitting sup-





ported Rudolph's efficient seven-hitter triumph.

It was a thoroughly unpleasant experience for the A's. Stallings, a Georgia gentleman off the field, had threatened to punch Mack in the nose "at the first opportunity" in a dispute over the practice hours allotted his team at Philadelphia's Shibe Park. Three A's were thrown out of their rooms when they failed to provide their landlady with some promised World Series tickets.

After the Series ended, Mack declared that "the Braves are the best team that has ever played baseball."

1923  
NEW YORK YANKEES (AL)  
OVER  
NEW YORK GIANTS (NL)

Even the Yankees had to have a first time. After all, they didn't just spring fully grown from some baseball

incubator in possession of 24 world championships. They had to pay their dues, too. After winning their first two American League pennants in 1921 and '22 they had been frustrated in the Series by the haughty Giants. John McGraw's team had subdued the Yankees in eight games in 1921 and in five games (including a tie) in 1922.

By 1923 the Yankees' owner, Colonel Jacob Ruppert—the brewery king—had one main goal in life: to defeat the Giants. This time his boys came through. Ruppert presided over a powerful team that had won the American League pennant by 16 games. The leader was Babe Ruth, whose Series output included a .308 batting average, three home runs, a triple, a double and eight bases on balls. The lineup was very experienced, with Bob Meusel and Whitey Watt joining Ruth in the outfield, and an infield consisting of First Baseman Wally Pipp and Second Baseman Aaron Ward, Shortstop Everett Scott, Third Baseman Jumpin' Joe Dugan and Catcher Wally Schang. The pitching staff was led by future Hall of Famer

Herb Penneck and included such distinguished performers as Sad Sam Jones, Bob Shawkey, Bullet Joe Bush and Waite Hoyt.

This Series was full of firsts: the first to be played in the brand new Yankee Stadium, the first to be broadcast on the radio, and the first to bring in over a million dollars at the gate. It also produced some memorable literature. For example, there was Damon Runyon's description of the Giants' 35-year-old Casey Stengel and his game-winning inside-the-park homer in Game One: "This is the way old Casey Stengel ran yesterday afternoon, running his home run home. . . . This is the way. . . . His mouth wide open/His warped old legs bending beneath him at every stride/His arms flying back and forth like those of a man swimming with a crawl stroke. His flanks heaving, his breath whistling, his head far back. . . ."

There was also Heywood Brown's classic lead for the *New York World* after the second game, which the Yankees won on Ruth's two home runs: "The Ruth is mighty and shall prevail."

CASEY STENGEL, N.Y. (NL) (AL), (1912-22) (1894-96)

BOB LEMON, CLEV. (AL) (1946-56)



1964 NEW YORK GIANTS (NL)



GIANT MANAGER JOHN MCGRAW '23



JOHN MCGRAW, NEW YORK (NL), (1902-31)

WILLY JUDDING, NEW YORK (AL), (1904-29)



1923 NEW YORK GIANTS (NL)

YANKEE PITCHER WAITE HOYT '23



WALLY PIPP'S GLOVE '23



BULLET BOYE, N.Y., SAN FRANCISCO (NL), (1904-29)



INDIAN PITCHER BOB LEMON '54



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Mythic figures seemed to be everywhere. McGraw, then at the peak of his career, refused to allow his Giants to dress in Yankee Stadium because of bad feelings that had emerged during the Yankees' tenancy of the Polo Grounds. As a result, before Game One, McGraw's Giants suited up at home in the Polo Grounds and trooped with spikes in hand across the Macombs Dam Bridge to play in the new Yankee Stadium.

Stengel added life to the Series with two game-winning homers, the first the inside-the-park hard shot that gave the National Leaguers a 5-4 victory in Game One and the second a seventh-inning clot off Jones for a 1-0 triumph in Game Three. Taking a cue from his feisty manager, Stengel triumphantly thumbed his nose at each member of the Yankee infield as he majestically trotted around the bases.

Trailing two games to one, the Yankees pulled themselves together to win the Series in three straight. They whacked out 13 hits in the fourth game

to win 8-4 and 14 in the fifth to win 8-1. The Yankees then took their first championship by routing Giant ace Art Nehf with five runs in the eighth inning of Game Six for a 6-4 victory.

When it was over, Babe Ruth jumped atop a table in the trainer's room to present a diamond ring to Manager Miller Huggins on behalf of the players. *It may have been the most heartfelt Yankee championship of all.*

1954  
NEW YORK GIANTS (NL)  
OVER  
CLEVELAND INDIANS (AL)

**T**he Catch and Dusty Rhodes. When baseball heads into the 22nd century, they'll still be talking about The Catch and Dusty Rhodes. Will anyone recall that Cleveland First Baseman Vic Wertz batted .500 (in addition to hitting the ball resulting in The Catch)? That New York's Alvin Dark hit .412? That the Series was concluded in four days, with no time

off for travel? Nope, it will always be The Catch and Dusty Rhodes.

The Catch took place in the eighth inning of Game One. The score was tied, and the Indians had Larry Doby on second and Al Rosen on first. The Giants' southpaw pitcher, Don Liddle, came in to face the lefthanded Wertz, who promptly hit the ball as hard as any human could—but in the wrong direction.

Wertz had hit the ball to dead centerfield in the Polo Grounds, a horseshoe-shaped park with short foul lines but a centerfield fence that was 480 feet from home plate. In addition, centerfield was the domain of a young deer named Willie Mays, who put his head down and sprinted to the deepest reaches of the playing surface, where he made a heart-stopping, over-the-shoulder catch to save the game. Sitting in the stands on that fateful September afternoon was sports author Arnold Hano, who noted in his well-known essay *A Day in the Bleachers*:

"... He had turned so quickly, and run

EARLY WINN, WASH. GLEV. (AL), (1941-42)

YANKEE PITCHER WHITNEY FORD '56

1955 NEW YORK YANKEES (AL)

1955 WORLD SERIES TICKET

1960 WORLD SERIES PROGRAM

GIANTS' PHILADELPHIA '54

1954 WORLD SERIES TICKET

WERTZ'S HALL OF FAME

1954 CLEVELAND INDIANS (AL)

GIANTS' BOB ALVIN DARK '54

INDIAN PITCHER BOB FELLER '54

BEAN 10 VIC WERTZ '54

1955 BROOKLYN DODGERS (NL)



BOB FELLER, CLEV. (AL), 1956-61 1945-50



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by HAGGAR



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so fast and truly that he made this impossible catch look—to us in the bleachers—quite ordinary. To those reporters in the press box, nearly 600 feet from the bleacher wall, it must have appeared far more astonishing, watching Mays run and run until he had become the size of a pygmy, and then run some more while the ball diminished to a mote of white dust and finally disappeared into the dark blob that was Mays' mitt."

The game was finally won on a 258-foot 10th-inning pinch-hit home run by the Giants' James Lamar (Dusty) Rhodes. The 27-year-old Alabamian, who had batted .341 with 15 homers and 50 RBI as a part-timer, also decided the second game with a game-tying pinch single and a roof-clearing home run. Rhodes hit .667 in the Series as the National League champions swept a Cleveland team that boasted an unforgettable pitching staff (Bob Lemon, Early Wynn, Mike Garcia, Art Houtteman, Bob Feller, etc.) and which had won a league record 111 games. *That time great pitching just wasn't enough.*

1955  
BROOKLYN DODGERS (NL)  
OVER  
NEW YORK YANKEES (AL)

**T**he Dodgers' relationship to the Borough of Brooklyn was like that of an unruly son to a forgiving parent. You can knock him, but nobody else can. He may be a pain in the butt, but he's yours, and you love him. The Dodgers were eminently lovable, and they were Brooklyn's own. But they had not won a World Series in seven attempts. The cry had always been "wait till next year." And, to make matters worse, the last five frustrations had come against the loathed Yankees. Now, in 1955, there was to be a sixth opportunity.

Brooklyn was leading the Series three games to two when the teams returned to the Bronx. In Game Six the Yankees drew even on Whiter Ford's four-hitter and it seemed that the Dodgers might come up short again. For Game Seven Brooklyn Manager

Walter Alston chose a 25-year-old lefty named Johnny Podres, who had won the third game, 8-3. Gil Hodges gave him a 2-0 lead entering the sixth with an RBI single and a sacrifice fly.

With two on and none out in the Yankee sixth, Yogi Berra sliced a ball down the leftfield line for an apparent extra base hit. Chasing it down was Sandy Amoros. The little lefthander had just entered the game when Walter Alston removed Second Baseman Don Zimmer for a pinchhitter and shifted Leftfielder Jim Gilliam, a righthanded thrower, to second. Amoros dashed 150 feet across the outfield to make a spectacular lunging catch, and turned it into a game-saving double play with his relayed throw to Hodges at first. A righthanded player most likely could not have made that catch.

Podres breezed through the rest of the lineup, and the Dodgers had their cherished world championship, thanks to a lefty kid and a speedy Cuban who happened to throw with the proper hand. *"Next year" had finally come.*

WHITER FORD, NEW YORK (AL), (1951-67)



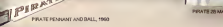
PRIZE ART BY TEAM '55



1960 PITTSBURGH PIRATES (NL)



1960 NEW YORK YANKEES (AL)



PIRATE BAT AND BALL, 1960

BASEBALL HALL OF FAME



1960 WORLD SERIES TICKET



PIRATES 26 MAZONOSKI '60

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1960  
PITTSBURGH PIRATES (NL)  
OVER  
NEW YORK YANKEES (AL)

**A**ny time the Yankees lost was an upset in those days, but this Series defied description and analysis. It may have been the most bizarre one in history. Never before has a losing team handed out such punishment. The Yankees hit a record .338 as a team, scored 55 runs and won games by the assertive scores of 16-3, 10-0 and 12-0. But they lost the Series to Pittsburgh in seven games. Appropriately, the final game was a 10-9 slugfest, decided in the bottom of the ninth inning by Bill Mazeroski's lead-off homer.

Pittsburgh survived the three Yankee onslaughts with some timely hitting, some stout defense (particularly a pair of great catches by Centerfielder Bill Virdon) and the relief pitching of both Elroy Face and Harvey Haddix.

The Pirates actually held a 3-2 lead before Whitey Ford evened the Series with a 12-0 victory in the sixth game. Then came Game Seven. Pittsburgh had seemingly taken control when Hal Smith's three-run homer capped a five-run eighth, but New York tied it with two runs in the top of the ninth. However, that merely set the stage for the Pirates' second baseman, who then lofted a ball high over the leftfield wall to give Pittsburgh the world championship. *A spanky team had triumphed by playing just as well as it had to.*

1968  
DETROIT TIGERS (AL)  
OVER  
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS (NL)

**D**etroit had not won a World Series in 25 years and St. Louis was the defending champion. But after falling behind three games to one, the Tigers roared to the Series title behind

a plump left-handed pitcher named Mickey Lolich. Lolich won the second, fifth and seventh games, allowing 20 hits and five earned runs in 27 innings.

Pitching with two days' rest, Detroit's Lolich out-duelled the St. Louis ace, Bob Gibson, in an unusual seventh game. Lolich tossed a three-hitter, winning 4-1 but losing his shutout when Mike Shannon homered with one out in the ninth inning. The key play had come in the seventh inning, when, with the game scoreless and Tiger runners on first and second, Centerfielder Curt Flood misplayed Jim Northrup's liner into a triple. Flood's uncharacteristic fielding gaffe—he claimed his left knee buckled—was one of several costly Cardinal mistakes. Both Flood and Lou Brock, the Series hitting star with 13 hits and a .464 average, were picked off first base in the same inning of that seventh game.

Meanwhile, the Tigers were getting away with a gamble. Before Game One, Manager Mayo Smith had switched

CARD OF CURT FLOOD '68



1968 ST. LOUIS CARDINALS (NL)

1968 WORLD SERIES TICKETS



DETROIT TIGER, BY FINE



TIGER PITCHER LOLICH '68

PIRATE OF VIRDON '60



1968 DETROIT TIGERS (AL)

AL KALINE, DETROIT (AL) (1963-74)



TIGER INF AL KALINE '68



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Mickey Stanley from centerfield to short in order to get Al Kaline's bat into the lineup (the veteran star had been out with an arm injury down the stretch), and so put Ray Oyler and his .135 average on the bench. Kaline hit .379 in the only World Series appearance of his Hall of Fame career and Stanley played well defensively. Few gave the Tigers much hope in Game Seven, because Gibson, a future Hall of Famer, had struck out 27 and allowed but one earned run in Games One and Four. Said Kaline, "If we're going to lose this Series, I'm glad it will be to Gibson. He's great." Gibson was great—but, in the end, Lolich was greater.

1969  
NEW YORK METS (NL)  
OVER  
BALTIMORE ORIOLES (AL)

In 1969 professional baseball celebrated its centennial. Something spectacular had to take place—and did! From their inception

as an expansion franchise in 1962, the Mets had been the very symbol of athletic futility, never finishing higher than ninth. They had finished 10th five times and ninth twice, losing 757 games and winning 394. In '69, however, with the advent of Gil Hodges as manager, they brought a new dimension to their name, *Amazin' Mets*. They won the NL East handily and then tore by Atlanta, the Western Division winner, in three straight games. Finally, in the World Series, the Mets easily defeated a Baltimore team that had won 109 games (and its division by 19 games). It was enough to put any fan in a stupor for a month.

The Mets relied on the solid pitching of Tom Seaver (25-7, 2.21), Jerry Koosman (17-9, 2.28), Gary Gentry (13-12, 3.43) and Tug McGraw (9-3, 2.24, 12 saves)—yes, *Maf* Tug McGraw—the leadership of Shortstop Bud Harrelson, the clutch hitting of Cleon Jones (.340) and Tommie Agee (26 homers, 76 RBI) and the astute guidance of Manager Gil Hodges. After losing the first game 4-1, they

squeaked out the second game 2-1 behind Koosman, and then came home to record a 5-0 triumph in Game Three, as the resourceful Agee made two acrobatic catches and hit a home run to make a personal difference of six runs. Suddenly and astonishingly, the *Amazin' Mets* were in control.

Like the 1906 White Sox, the Mets did not do anything mysterious. They swept the Orioles out to sea with good pitching (Baltimore batted .146 as a team), sound defense, clutch hitting and an unlikely bating hero. Re-creating the role of George Robe was Al Weis, a .215 hitter whose .455 Series average included a game-tying homer in the seventh inning of the fifth and final game. The Mets clinched the 5-3 victory in the eighth inning with doubles by Cleon Jones and Ron Swoboda and two Baltimore errors. As sportswriter John Durant said, "... The Mets were World Champions sitting on Mt. Olympus after seven long years in the lower regions." Thus, in Biblical terms, did the last finally become first.



1969 NEW YORK METS (NL)

MET PITCHER JERRY KOOSMAN '69

MET LF CLEON JONES '69

1969 WORLD SERIES TICKET



1969 WORLD SERIES PROGRAM

WALTER MONTE '69

TOMMIE AGEE'S GLOVE '69

THURGOOD THURGOOD



MET RELIEVER TUG MCGRAW '69

MET SS BUD HARRELSON '69

MET PITCHER TOM SEAVER '69

1969 BALTIMORE ORIOLES (AL)





1979  
PITTSBURGH PIRATES (NL)  
OVER  
BALTIMORE ORIOLES (AL)

**A**fter the fourth game of the 1979 Series, when the Baltimore Orioles had a commanding 3-1 lead, Pittsburgh Second Baseman Phil Garner did not sound too optimistic. "They've got the greatest ball club I've ever seen," he observed. "They're kicking our butts."

However, in the next three games, the Pittsburgh fam-a-lee found itself rallying to three straight victories behind its superlative bullpen and its enthusiastic 38-year-old spiritual godfather, Willie Stargell—to grab the world championship.

This was a Series more fit for Antarcitians than Americans. After the Orioles defeated the Pirates in miserable weather in Game One,

Oriole superscout Jim Russo cracked, "My report isn't complete because I never saw the Pirates in the snow." Frigid conditions prevailed throughout, making fielding difficult. As the Series continued the Orioles repeatedly dug holes for themselves by not making the plays in the field. The Pirates, a notorious swing-from-theheels bunch (five Pirates had 10 or more hits in the Series, a record), seemed to delight in adversity. The Orioles, meanwhile, became obsessed with the foul weather, which caused Manager Earl Weaver to say, "If you ain't sick, you ain't human."

The Pirates, who had won an undistinguished National League East race, were thought to be an engaging bunch of goofballs. Surely the Orioles, who had won the AL East by eight games, would teach them a thing or two. And, for a while, they did. With Oriole Manager Earl Weaver making all the right moves, Baltimore put together wins of 5-4, 8-4 and 9-6. In Game Five,

Mike Flanagan was pitching a 1-0 shutout after five innings when the Pirates finally got untracked. Seldom has a Series changed its course so abruptly. Over the final 22 innings Pittsburgh outscored Baltimore 15-1, winning games 7-2, 4-0 and 4-1. Led by their aphorism-spouting Captain Stargell and the gritty Garner, Pittsburgh triumphed. *The Pirates did more than just win the World Series, they struck a blow for the human spirit.*

by BOB RYAN

1979 PITTSBURGH PIRATES (NL)



MET MANAGER GIL HOODES '88

ORIOLE MANAGER EARL WEAVER '78



PIRATE 2B PHIL GARNER '79



ORIOLE PITCHER MIKE FLANAGAN '79



1979 BALTIMORE ORIOLES (AL)

'78 BALL AUTOGRAPHED BY PRESIDENT CARTER



PIRATE CAP '79

'79'S WORLD CHAMPION MEDAL '88

BASEBALL HALL OF FAME

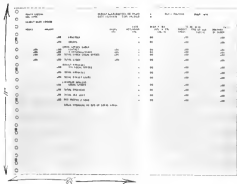
1979 WORLD SERIES TICKET



PIRATE CAPTAIN WILLIE STARGELL '78

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## COLLEGE FOOTBALL

by Dan Levin

Arkansas calls itself the Land of Opportunity, so maybe Arkansas State Tight End Jerry Mack should be playing elsewhere; opportunity, as it has come to be defined in the age of free rides and multimillion-dollar contracts, just does not seem to interest him. Seventy-nine of his 102 teammates are on scholarship, some occasional stumblers and fumbblers among them, and kickers who play but briefly. But the 5' 11", 205-pound Mack, who has started 27 straight games, doesn't have a scholarship, and won't accept one.

Apparently, knocking over 250-pounders is its own reward, that and scoring clumps of unexpected touchdowns. A-State Head Coach Larry Lacewell, mystified by Mack's seeming indifference to what could be his for the asking, summoned him to his office last January. "Jerry," he said, "you've played good ball for me, so let me ask you this: Would you like a scholarship?"

"No, sir," Mack replied.

Dumbfounded, the normally articulate Lacewell creaked, "Why?"

Mack said, "I figure if I take it I'll be cheating some other guy who needs it more than I do. Besides, I just enjoy playing the game."

"That's great, I understand," Lacewell said, though he couldn't begin to. Certainly Lacewell had little familiarity with such behavior, having been defensive coordinator at Oklahoma for eight years before arriving at A-State as an unpaid assistant in 1978. As Lacewell has told friends, "This is the most baffling experience of my 23-year career."

Mack has been asked about his real motivations virtually ever day since that meeting, and recently he has been saying, "If I can get through college playing football without a scholarship, it will help me all my life; when dark clouds arrive, I won't panic."

Mack's bulletin board is plastered with newspaper stories about him—the word "scholarship" prominent in all of them—some insinuating that he's executing a clever publicity play, others describing

him as "trumble" ad nauseam. And then there is the secret income theory, which doesn't hold up, first because family wealth rarely if ever stops college athletes from accepting scholarships, second because both of Mack's parents are dead, and were poor when alive. He worked every summer, on the assembly line of a shoe factory this past summer, washing linens at a hospital in 1980. After work he would rush back to the campus to lift weights with teammates, an off-season activity that is optional for non-scholarship players.

Mack does have a Basic Education Opportunity Grant (BEOG) from the Federal Government, worth \$1,382 annually. But a scholarship would amount to

nothing back, making all-conference and second team all-state his senior year.

Ann Gathright recalls, "We insisted that Jerry had to keep his grades up if he wanted to play football. We told him, 'You can't bring D's and F's into this house, and we won't stand for any ghettoish behavior, either.'"

Mack was recruited by Tennessee State and he enrolled there, accepting the scholarship offered him. But the practices were so long and rigorous that he couldn't keep up with his studies and he quit after one semester, enrolling at Arkansas State in January 1978. NCAA rules made him ineligible to play football in the fall of 1978, but the following spring he showed up at prac-

## An end justifies his means

*For Arkansas State's Jerry Mack, there is no such thing as a free ride*

\$2,480. Besides, scholarships for most college athletes seem to be as important for reasons of status as they are for reasons of finance. Last week Lacewell shuffled through some questionnaires he had his players fill out. The last question was, "What is your greatest achievement thus far?" Most of the players wrote in, "Getting a scholarship," or words to that effect. Mack wrote, "Playing college football for two years."

Last month Mack was elected one of the Indians' four captains, an almost unheard-of honor for a walk-on. Offensive Tackle Paul Gilbow says, "It's hard to earn a starting position as a walk-on, and having to work as hard as Jerry does, not being on scholarship, has earned him a lot of respect."

Mack, the youngest in a clovelly knit family of three sisters and two brothers, grew up in Memphis, 75 miles southeast of Arkansas State's Jonesboro campus. His father, a carpenter, died when he was 11, and his mother two years later. His 32-year-old sister, Ann Gathright, and her husband, Dewitt, became his legal guardians. Mack played basketball and baseball at Memphis' Westwood High, and for three years he was a valued run-



Walk-on Mack is making State a winner.

tice is a walk-on. He wanted to be a tailback. Laceywell, newly arrived from Norman, didn't pay him much heed at first. The kid didn't have a scholarship, so how good could he be? Besides, Laceywell recalls, "Jerry was the worst runner with a football I've ever seen. In the open field he was like a magnet; he drew tacklers to him. He had excellent speed straight ahead, but he wasn't much for lateral moves."

It may have been because of a lack of balance. One day the running backs divided into pairs for stretching exercises. Half of the backs stood on one leg while their partners held the other leg in the air, helping them stretch thigh and hip muscles. The whole group was lined up in a row, pair by pair, with Mack and his partner at one end. Suddenly Mack toppled over, and the entire bunch followed, like a row of dominoes. Shortly afterward, Mack's 4.6 speed in the 40 resulted in Laceywell's converting him to tight end, where he displaced Gilbow, all 6' 5" and 240 pounds of him.

In that season—1979—Mack blocked superbly, that is what Laceywell, with his wishbone offense, needed most of all from his tight end. Mack also caught 11 passes, two for touchdowns, but the team was rebuilding and finished 4-7. Last year A-State was 2-9 (with sophs and freshmen making up 80% of the team), but Mack caught eight more passes, and four were for touchdowns.

"Sometimes I forgot he didn't have a scholarship," Laceywell says. "One day in the off-season he was out there lifting weights, and he wasn't giving his maximum effort. I scolded him. He could have said, 'You're not paying me,' but he didn't."

Bill Templeton, Arkansas State assistant athletic director, says of Mack, "What's exceptional about Jerry is that he realizes what college athletics is all about, that it shouldn't be all 'Gimme,' that 'I give back' is important, too."

Mack has obviously changed a great deal since he accepted the scholarship at Tennessee State: "I used to want people to do things for me that I could just as well have done for myself. But then I decided that the only way I was going to make something out of Jerry Mack was to get out and start working."

As a senior with a major in physical education and a minor in history, Mack maintains what he calls, "a good, stable C average." Occasionally his sister sends

him some money, and then he takes his girl friend to a movie or out for a hamburger or a pizza. He loves jazz and soul music, but he doesn't own a stereo or a tape deck, so he waits for recordings by Aretha Franklin and the Jacksons, his favorite singers, on Memphis radio station WHRR. He hopes to coach someday, he says, but he also wants to give pro football a try, though he knows he would be very small for an NFL tight end. He'd probably be tried as a running back or defensive back.

"Maybe in Canada," he said last week. "But what I want most right now is for us to win the Southland Conference Championship."

Last week Arkansas State played its first conference game of the season, against Southwestern Louisiana. The team was 2-2, and in those early games—including a one-point loss to then-undefeated Kansas—Mack had caught four passes and scored two touchdowns, giving him 23 career receptions, eight for touchdowns. Mack didn't score or catch a pass against Southwestern Louisiana, but his blocking helped Indian runners gain 224 yards in a 14-3 win.

Mack was asked, "Were you disappointed not to score a touchdown today?"

"No," he said. "I had a great game blocking. And we won, didn't we?" That, after all, is what college football is supposed to be about.

## THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

**WEST** "I told the kids all week that there's just that much difference between the No. 1 team and, say, the No. 56 team," said Arizona Coach Larry Smith as he held his thumb and forefinger an inch apart following the Wildcats' stunning 13-10 Pac-10 victory at Southern Cal. The gap seemed to be wider than that when the Trojans took a 10-0 lead after less than eight minutes. Marcus Allen broke off right tackle for 74 yards for the first score. Steve Jordan kicked a 21-yard field goal and USC appeared to be on its way.

However, a 47-yard field goal by Brett Weber 30 seconds before intermission and his 25-yarder in the third quarter cut USC's lead to 10-6. Then, two seconds before the end of that period, sophomore Tom Tunnicliffe, who wound up completing 21 of 37

passes for 293 yards, hit freshman Tailback Vance Johnson with a 13-yard pass that put Arizona ahead for keeps.

Allen ripped off 311 yards in 26 carries and extended his NCAA record of consecutive 200-yard efforts to five. Allen has 1,136 yards for the season, 46 more than the NCAA record for the first five games set two years ago by former Trojan Charles White. But the rest of the USC running corps gained a meager 26 yards and the Trojans got only 60 through the air. Arizona outgained USC 405 yards to 297 in total offense and its defense clamped down with such vigor that USC got off just nine plays in the third period, 15 in the fourth, and crossed midfield only once in the second half—and promptly fumbled.

Stanford and Washington also rallied, both getting their winning points from players named Nelson. Field goals of 30, 22, 47 and 22 yards by sophomore Mark Harmon, who's 10 for 10 this season, kept the Cardinals in contention against visiting UCLA. Nonetheless, the Bruins led 23-19 until Duane Nelson plunged two yards for a TD in the last 46 seconds. That enabled Stanford, which had been 0-4, to upset UCLA 26-23. For Washington it was Chuck Nelson who settled matters at California, where the Huskies had trailed 21-0 early in the third quarter. Nelson's 21-yard field goal with 11 seconds left put the Huskies on top 27-26.

So much for Pac-10 suspense. Arizona State defeated Oregon 24-0 and Washington State breezed 23-0 at Oregon State. A three-touchdown plunge in the second half earned the Sun Devils to their victory. The Cougars finished strong, too, scoring 17 points in the fourth period. Kevin Morris kicked field goals of 50, 52 and 33 yards for Washington State.

It was bombs away as Nevada-Las Vegas jolted Brigham Young 45-41 at Provo and San Diego State beat Iowa State 52-31. Rebel Coach Tony Knap decided to give BYU a dose of its own medicine by having Sam King test its defenses with a fusillade of passes. When the test was over, King had indeed passed, connecting on 31 of 57 attempts for 473 yards and two touchdowns. BYU, which gained 269 yards as Steve Young hit on 21 of 40 throws, led 41-24 with six minutes left in the third period. But King kept firing away and his 20-yard pass to Jim Sandusky, with 19 seconds to go, ended a 17-game Cougar win streak. UNLV forced eight turnovers and outgained BYU 628 yards to 511 in the non-conference battle. For San Diego State, it was Matt Koffler at the trigger. Koffler passed for 444 yards and directed the Aztecs to 28 points in the third period to go on top 45-17.

Sophomore Tom Thennell of Colorado State was another on-target passer. In his first start, Thennell completed 24 of 47 for 308 yards and four touchdowns. That didn't deter Mississippi State, though. The Bulldogs won 37-27 as they rambled for 490 yards on the ground, 181 of them by Michael Haddix.

*continued*





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**SOUTH** Southern Mississippi, which was 6-0 and thirsting for national recognition when it lost to Alabama 42-7 a year ago, got a measure of revenge by holding the Crimson Tide to a 13-13 stand-off last week. The Golden Eagles did it the hard way, Steve Clark kicking a 40-yard field goal with only eight seconds left. Reggie Collier made it possible by completing four passes for 51 yards and by scrambling for eight more yards during the final drive. For the day, Collier passed for 202 yards and ran for 43.

Herschel Walker had his best day of the season—263 yards on 41 carries—as Georgia took a 37-7 Southeastern Conference game at Mississippi. But the big play was a 52-yard Black Blue pass to Flanker Lindsay Scott in the end zone two seconds before halftime.

There were, prophetically, color photos of Florida Defensive Back Kyle Knight and Fullback James Jones in the program for a non-conference game against Maryland. Both Gators came through with picture-perfect plays to make Florida a 15-10 winner. Knight tackled Terp Quarterback Boomer Eason for a third-period safety and an 8-7 Gator lead. And on a razzle-dazzle play 90 seconds later, Jones threw a nine-yard TD pass to Quarterback Wayne Peace. Auburn beat LSU for the first time since 1942, 19-7.

Kelvin Bryant may miss the rest of the season after surgery on his left knee, but even without Bryant, who had scored 15 TDs in three games, North Carolina trounced Wake Forest 48-10 in an ACC game. Tyrone Anthony (224 yards rushing) and Bobby Raliff (158 yards) shared Bryant's tailback slot.

Clemson smothered Virginia 27-0 for its fifth straight win of the season and 21st in a row over the Cavaliers. The defense didn't allow a TD for the fourth straight game.

It was one of the worst hit-and-run cases ever in the South. Unbeaten South Carolina State pulled into Charlotte, N.C., struck down the local team—Johnson C. Smith—and headed back home with an 82-0 triumph.

**MIDWEST** "This Oktoberfest ain't so bad," said Coach Bobby Bowden after Florida State won 19-13 at Notre Dame. That game marked the midpoint of a brutal string of five straight road games, which began with a loss at Nebraska. Then came a victory at Ohio State. Next up are Pitt and LSU.

Before the game at South Bend, Bowden said, "Ohio State set a record against us by passing for 458 yards. Nebraska set a record against us by rushing for 464 yards. So poor of Notre Dame doesn't know which record to break, the passing or the rushing." The Irish broke neither, being outpassed 114 yards to 38 and outrushed 250 yards to 218. Rohn Stark had punts of 53, 54 and 53 yards and the speedy Seminole defenders allowed only one third-down conversion in 14 tries. Notre Dame is now a decidedly un-Irish 2-1.

## SI TOP 20

1. TEXAS (4-0)	1 *
2. PENN STATE (4-0)	3
3. N. CAROLINA (5-0)	4
4. PITT (4-0)	5
5. USC (4-1)	2
6. MICHIGAN (4-1)	6
7. GEORGIA (4-1)	8
8. SMU (5-0)	10
9. CLEMSON (5-0)	11
10. MISSOURI (5-0)	12
11. MIAMI (3-1)	13
12. IOWA (4-1)	17
13. WISCONSIN (4-1)	19
14. MISS. STATE (4-1)	18
15. FLORIDA ST. (4-1)	9
16. ALABAMA (4-1-1)	7
17. BYU (5-1)	20
18. ARIZONA ST. (4-1)	7
19. WASH. ST. (5-0)	—
20. SAN DIEGO ST. (4-0)	—

\* Last week

Ricky Williams, who rushed for 135 yards, set up Florida State's go-ahead touchdown in the third quarter when he broke loose for jumps of 29 and 33 yards in an 80-yard scoring drive. It ended with a 17-yard strike from Rick Stockstill to Michael Whiting to put the Seminoles in front 10-6. The same battery cycled for a five-yarder in the fourth period to snap a 13-13 deadlock.

Wisconsin's quest for its first Big Ten title in 19 years got a boost when the Badgers beat Ohio State for the first time in 21 years, 24-21. The Badgers, down 14-6 in the second quarter, scored 11 points in 18 seconds to take charge. Jess Cole passed 24 yards to Marvin Neal for a TD, after which John Williams, who filled in for injured Tailback Chucky Davis, scored on a two-point conversion run. As time ran out in the first half, walk-on Wendell Gladens gave the home team a 17-14 lead with a 50-yard field goal on his first try of the season. Cole's second scoring throw—his second and last completion in 12 attempts—a 10-yarder to Chad McFadden in the fourth quarter, put the Badgers ahead 24-14.

Much as Wisconsin did, Iowa received a lift from an unexpected source as the Hawkeyes outlasted Indiana 42-28. Senior Charles Jones, who had never played in a football game anywhere, caught the first pass that came his way for a 51-yard touchdown and a 14-7 Iowa lead. After Indiana tied the score at 14-14, Norm Granger put the Hawkeyes in front to stay with a 99-yard kickoff return.

Michigan was behind 20-16 early in the third period at Michigan State before its powerful ground game wore down the Spartans

for a 38-20 win. Butch Woolfolk, who gained 253 yards in 39 carries, accounted for much of the grind-it-out yardage.

Scott Campbell passed for 290 yards and three TDs as Purdue beat Illinois 44-20. Minnesota's Mike Hoenes also threw three scoring passes in a 35-23 win over Northwestern.

Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne started sophomore Quarterback Turner Gill for the first time, and Gill enabled the Huskers to open their Big Eight schedule with a flourish by throwing four TD passes in a 59-0 romp over Colorado. Gill completed nine of 14 attempts for 178 yards, and the Nebraska attack accounted for 541 yards on the ground. In the process the Huskers set an NCAA mark with 42 first downs.

Missouri, too, went on a rampage, walloping Kansas State 58-13. On the way to their biggest point total since 1969, the Tigers scored three touchdowns in a three-minute, 15-second span in the opening period. Bobby Meyer ran for three TDs and Mike Hyde passed for 202 yards for Missouri.

Oklahoma State headed Kansas its first loss, 20-7. Larry Roach, a Cowboy freshman, joined the list of kickers to be watched when he boomed a 56-yard field goal.

**SOUTHWEST** It was Dickerson, son or it was James James or Dickerson. It mattered little whether Eric Dickerson or Craig James carried the ball for Southern Methodist against defending Southwest Conference champion Baylor. The two juniors alternated at tailback. James rushing for 89 yards and Dickerson for 158 as he attained the 100-yard mark for the seventh straight game. Dickerson passed 47 of the 60 yards in the Mustangs' first scoring drive, and later scored on runs of one, 15 and 21 yards to help topple the Bears 37-20. In a 42-yard march leading to SMU's second TD, James caught a 13-yard pass, had a 17-yard run and barreled the final yard into the end zone. The victory made the Mustangs 5-0 for the first time since 1950.

"Going home to play Texas next week is like going home with lipstick on your collar," Coach Lou Holtz said after Arkansas labored past 1-4 Texas Tech 26-14. "You might be better off not going home." Against Tech, Bruce Labay lucked field goals of 42, 34, 41 and 48 yards, the last of which put Arkansas ahead 19-14 in the fourth period. The outcome wasn't sealed until Ted Morris, a linebacker, caught a pass and returned it 36 yards for a TD with 2:16 left. Meanwhile, Texas whipped Oklahoma 34-14 (page 40).

Steve Stamp, who passed for 399 yards and hit on 24 of 43 attempts, enabled Texas Christian to build a 21-6 second-period lead at Rice. But the Owls wound up with hoisting rights by forcing seven second-half turnovers and getting four touchdown passes from Michael Calhoun to win 41-28. Texas A&M held off Houston 7-6.

**EAST** Pitt had a thorny problem when it played at West Virginia in a matchup of undefeated independents. Dan Marino, the leading passer in the country, was sidelined with a strained right shoulder. No sweat. The Panthers had another No. 1 going for them: the stingiest defense in the land, one that had yielded an average of only 164.7 yards a game. Pitt allowed the Mountaineers only 46 yards rushing and 92 passing while shutting them out 17-0. Danny Daniels, Marino's replacement, didn't complete any of his six passes, but the Panthers got 103 yards on the ground from Wayne Dabnoka and another 99 from Bryan Thomas, who scored on runs of 43 and two yards.

Penn State also cruised behind a gaudy defense, winning 38-7 as Boston College gained just 45 yards in the first half and 231 all told. When Mike Meade (107 yards) and Curt Warner (105) weren't churning on the ground, Todd Blackledge (8 of 17 for 182 yards) was moving the Nittany Lions through the air. Warner scored twice and Meade once, and Blackledge teamed up with Kenny Jackson on a 39-yard touchdown pass.

Senior Dan Ryan of Lehigh, a substitute defensive back last season, asked for a tryout as a split end during spring training. Coach John Whitehead assented, and last week Ryan outmaneuvered two Connecticut defenders, caught a pass from Larry Michalski with 3:40 left and raced the final 35 yards into the end zone. That 83-yard play gave the Engineers a 21-17 victory and Ryan now has 29 receptions and 10 touchdowns.

#### PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**OFFENSE** In a 52-31 San Diego State win over Iowa State, Matt Kofler accounted for 517 yards. His 32-for-45 passing netted 444 yards and four touchdowns, and he ran for 73 yards, 27 for a TD.

**DEFENSE** David Morze, a 6' 5", 225-pound senior linebacker, helped Stanford upset UCLA 26-23 by making 12 tackles and setting up a pair of touchdowns with an interception and a fumble recovery.

Navy Halfback Eddie Myers, who had missed most of three games because of an injured thigh, ran for 179 yards and one TD as the Midshipmen beat Air Force 30-13 Rutgers romped 17-0 at Army.

In Ivy League competition it was Harvard 27-10 over Cornell, Princeton 21-14 over Columbia and Brown 26-24 at Penn, where Bob Granfors booted four field goals for the Bruins. Another three-pointer—a 32-yarder by Tony Jones with 35 seconds to be played—gave Yale a 29-28 out-of-conference win at Holy Cross. Dartmouth, however, was upended 12-7 by William & Mary, which had been outscored 153-30 while going 9-4.

END

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## This Viktor isn't winning

*In his world-title rematch with Anatoly Karpov, Korchnoi is getting blitzed*

by William Nack

**E**nglish Grandmaster Michael Stean could only look on with a sense of helplessness at what was happening on the stage of a public auditorium in the northern Italian resort town of Merano last week. Viktor Korchnoi, a Soviet defector, was trying for the second time in his life to wrest the title of world chess champion from the Soviet Union's Anatoly Karpov, and making a hash of it. After only eight days of play in a match that was supposed to last from the beginning of October into December, Korchnoi was playing badly, and was about to lose to Karpov for the third time. The best Korchnoi had managed so far was a single draw.

Three years ago, when these two grandmasters met for the championship in Baguio City, Philippines, they drew the first eight games before Karpov finally gained the first victory of the match, and it wasn't until they had played 32

games over a three-month span that Karpov prevailed, 6-5. The first man to win six games is champion, draws don't count and there is no limit on the number of games played. The champion stands to win about \$260,000, the loser about \$160,000.

"This match should be like Borg and McEnroe," said Stean, who was one of Korchnoi's seconds three years ago and is again "You know, five sets."

But it was becoming more like Borg versus Mrs. Borg. In the first game, the 50-year-old Korchnoi played the advantageous white pieces sluggishly, without an apparent plan, until he resigned on the 43rd move to the 30-year-old champion, who had done no more than play technically efficient chess. In the second game, Korchnoi carelessly blew a pawn and at adjournment, when Karpov sealed his 42nd move, Korchnoi's fate was sealed, too. He resigned the next day on his 57th move. Depressed, he told one of his aides, "I brought eight suits with me. Maybe you won't see all of them."

Korchnoi got his draw in the third

game, but in the fourth, last Thursday, playing black again, he pointlessly advanced his king's rook pawn on the 25th move and was forced to bring over his king's rook to defend it, thus taking a major piece out of the fray. He further weakened his king side by strutting on his king's bishop pawn. "I haven't made that kind of move since I was 13 years old," said American Grandmaster Robert Byrne, who was in the audience.

Emanuel Lasker, one of the greatest chess champions, once said that chess was like war. When Korchnoi sealed his move in Game 2 and left the auditorium, he testified to the aptness of the simile. His position was hopeless, and he appeared dazed. "A bit shell-shocked," said Stean. "He looked like he'd just walked off some battlefield and hadn't figured out yet if he had survived."

Tired and bewildered, Stean and Korchnoi's other second, the 21-year-old U.S. Grandmaster Yasser Seirawan of Seattle, had dinner together at the Palazzo Hotel and then went to the hotel salon for a cup of cappuccino. Finally Seirawan looked over at Byrne, who was nearby, and said, "What's happening? Why can't he play?"

"I just don't know," Byrne replied. "The opening was great. After the 19th move, I loved his position. I loved it." But then Korchnoi's position *crumbled*

Facing Karpov across the board in Merano, Soviet defector Korchnoi appeared to be looking for a little inspiration from somewhere.



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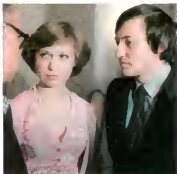
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Karpov's wife, Irina, starred at a party.

#### CHESS continued

began deteriorating—Karpov's precise exploitation of it contributed, of course—and it became apparent that Karpov had him in trouble.

"For the first time since I've been Viktor's second," said Stein, "I wanted to stand up and say, 'Stop! Let me play the rest of the game!' I felt everything was going wrong. Every move had something wrong with it. A series of mistakes, and I felt totally helpless. It is so sad, so baffling, so depressing. It's as if someone had put something in his coffee. If Viktor was a horse, he'd be dope-tested. When he was banned from playing chess in the Soviet Union and then defected, it was his way of saying that a professional has a right to pursue his chosen career. This makes it all seem so futile."

Korchnoi resigned the next day, on his 53rd move, signing his scoresheet and contemptuously flipping it over the time clock to Karpov's side of the table. Now he was down 3-0. Korchnoi had come back from three-down in Baguio, from 5-2 to 5-5, but that was after a protracted struggle. What was happening in Merano was more like a blitz. Korchnoi asked for and received a postponement of the fifth game—"To save him from himself," said Stein—and that may have been the soundest move he has made since he came to town to play.

"Korchnoi has to stabilize himself so that he quits losing," said Byrne. "One advantage of this kind of match is that you always have time. Korchnoi could chip away, win one game a week and

draw the other two. But that's not his style. He wants to damn the torpedoes and go full speed ahead. I think he's out of his mind."

Thus ended an unlikely opening 10 days to what many chess observers here had thought could be a rerun of the serpentine struggle that the two had waged in the Philippines. More than a few of the main currents and characters that flowed through Baguio City have also swept through Merano.

The host city lies about 50 miles south of the Austrian ski resort of Innsbruck, in a valley bounded by the Dolomites, which rise starkly to the sky. Before World War I it was a part of the Austro-Hungarian empire, a spa regularly visited by European royalty who bathed in its waters and drank its wines. When the empire disintegrated after the war, a region including Merano was ceded to Italy. The countryside is layered with apple orchards and grape arbors, and October is harvest time. Last week men and women were clambering along the hillsides, pushing wheelbarrows and shearing grapes.

It was against this backdrop that Karpov and Korchnoi renewed their bitter rivalry, one that began in earnest seven years ago, in 1974, when they met in Moscow to decide who would play Bobby Fischer for the championship in 1975. When Karpov won by a point—a victory that eventually handed him the title, because Fischer would forfeit it—Korchnoi lashed out at Karpov and the Soviet chess establishment, criticizing him as a player and accusing the establishment of harassment because it didn't want a Jew to win. The Soviets banned Korchnoi from tournament play. He was reinstated in 1976, but he defected that year while playing abroad and shortly thereafter he took up residence in Switzerland. A year later, playing exceptional chess, he marched through the candidates matches to win the right to play Karpov for the title in '78.

That match developed into one of the wildest in chess history. Losing 4-1, Korchnoi went down from the mountains of Baguio to Manila, where he met Victoria Shepherd and Steve Dwyer, American-born members of the Ananda Marga religious movement.

They taught him meditation and his play suddenly came alive. In one span he reeled off the three straight wins that tied the match at 5-5. The Soviets were

in a panic. Earlier, Korchnoi had complained that a Karpov aide, a parapsychologist named Vladimir Zoukhar, was sitting in the front row of the hall trying to hypnotize him. Zoukhar was ordered to sit in the back. When Korchnoi tied the score, the Soviets struck back.

The Soviets complained of "security" risks in having "terrorists" around and had Dwyer and Shepherd banned from the hall. They had been convicted of stabbing an Indian Embassy employee in Manila and were out on bail pending an appeal. Zoukhar returned unmolested to a seat nearer to the front. Korchnoi finally suffered his sixth defeat and lost the match. He left the Philippines in despair, saying, "Although Mr. Karpov has retained his paper title, I hope the world will appreciate the moral depths to which his supporters have lowered themselves to maintain his supremacy."

Nothing so tempestuous has occurred in Merano, although there was one preliminary skirmish. The day before play began, the Soviet press published a diatribe against Korchnoi's private life, in a blatant attempt to rattle him. (While his wife and son are still in the Soviet Union, unable to get out, Korchnoi travels with a female companion.)

The schedule calls for three games a week in the town Kurzentrum (German for cure center). Each day they are to play, as it approaches five o'clock, Karpov and Korchnoi are whisked from their hotels—Karpov from the Riz Stefanie, Korchnoi from the Palace, right next door—to the auditorium.

At a few minutes to five, another car pulls up and out steps Victor Baturinsky, the former KGB colonel who became known as the Black Judge during the Stalin era and is the reigning power in Soviet chess, as an administrator rather than a player. A burly man with thick glasses and a stubby cigar forever in his hand, he is affectionately referred to by one English-speaking member of the Soviet delegation as "Cuddles."

"I was no Soviet black colonel," he grumbles. "I am a bull colonel. I like to horse around."

There's no horsing around over the board, however, for the Soviets view a chess championship as a crusade. Which was why, on the night of the first game, they all looked steely-eyed when Victoria Shepherd strolled in accompanied by two other members of Ananda Marga, all three dressed in flowing orange robes.

continued



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Shepherd said that her conviction had been overturned and Dwyer was free pending an appeal.

"So now he brought her here to try to scare us," said a member of Karpov's entourage.

What she was really there for, Shepherd said, was to strengthen Korchnoi's mind and sharpen his powers of concentration through meditation. A week after she arrived, she said that Korchnoi lost the first two games because "the meditation he was doing made him too calm, too relaxed. It is fine for a Milano businessman with an ulcer, but it is no good for a man trying to win the world chess championship. He learned this from someone else. I am teaching him meditation that energizes, gives concentration, great willpower. When Viktor starts to win again, the Soviets are going to make a tremendous protest. It's going to get heavy here in November."

But for now, despite Shepherd, the Soviets could hardly be more confident. Korchnoi's listless performance has tended to draw attention away from the smooth, precise play that has characterized Karpov's games. Sitting in his hotel room one day last week, his fine-boned hands folded in his lap, he conveyed the calm of a man in control of things.

Karpov, in fact, has been in control for some time now, at least over the chessboard; he learned to play the game at the age of four. He was born in 1951, in the industrial city of Zlatoust, in the Urals, the son of an engineer. "A very intelligent man," Karpov said. "He was chief engineer at least 15 years. Only one pity: He had a lot of jobs and he spent only a small amount of time with the family. He taught me how to play. He was a great amateur player. I first beat him when I was seven. When I was 10 we stopped playing together. I became very strong."

It wasn't long before his reputation spread to Moscow. "We heard there was a little genius in the Urals," says Alexander Roshal, Karpov's press attache, a chess master and teacher at the time of Karpov's discovery. "He was a chess master at 15. So we brought him to Moscow and we played. I lost one game, two, three. I said, 'I'm not playing too well—let's play tomorrow.' The next day, same thing. Karpov never said a word the whole time. I couldn't figure it out. Then he said, 'Couldn't it be that I'm just a better player?'"

At the time Karpov was so small that he had to stand up to play at a table. "We had to get a pillow for him," Roshal says.

One of Karpov's first teachers was Mikhail Botvinnik, a former world champion who played chess as if it were a science. He was the opposite of Mikhail Tal, yet another Soviet former world champ, master of attack. "I didn't know chess theories at the time," Karpov says. "And Botvinnik taught me that chess was a hard job. Chess, to me, is a combination of sports, mathematics and art. Possibly to somebody like Botvinnik, the scientific game is most important. With others it is the flights of fancy, the artistic, that is most important. To me the competition, the sport, is most important. I would say I have a universal style. I have had some good games that were attacking games and some that were positional games. I want to be a universal player because I want to play a Tal like Botvinnik and a Botvinnik like Tal. That way I can change the tempo of a game, change the style, change my personality as a player." Although Karpov is the world champion, there are those who regard Fischer as the most capable of all, perhaps the best that ever lived.

After he forfeited the 1975 championship match to Karpov, in a dispute over playing conditions, Fischer dropped out of view. He hasn't played a match in public since he defeated Boris Spassky for the world title in Iceland in 1972. Occasional sightings of Fischer are reported. Karpov says he has seen him twice. In 1977, while passing through Tokyo, he had lunch with Fischer in the Tokyo airport. "We talked about the possibility of a match," Karpov says, "but we had no success. We couldn't agree in full because he wanted to play till 10 wins. I didn't want that because 10 wins is a very long match. I wanted to play six wins." They met again later that year outside Cordova, Spain, where Karpov was playing a tournament. Again they could reach no agreement. Money was no problem. "We had a \$3 million guarantee," Karpov says. Nor did they play chess. Not even a casual game, but they talked chess strategy, and at one point in Tokyo they pulled out pocket chess sets and analyzed parts of a Capablanca game.

"It's a pity he left chess," Karpov says. "I respect him very much as a chess player, a very great chess player, and I'd like him to come back. It would be very in-

teresting chess. I have met every grand-master playing today except Fischer." But Karpov thinks he will not return.

"I think he was afraid to start new games because he was afraid of himself," he says. "He has an image of invincibility. I think he is afraid he would make a mistake and lose a game. Through all his career you could see he was nervous to begin competition. This is a very hard moment for each chess player. You don't know what form you're in now. The first game is very important. You have no way of measuring yourself. You can't run a mile in 3:58 and say, 'I'm in good shape.' You can only feel it at the chess table, during a match. During the first game. He was always late for games. He didn't even start interzonal games on time. This is very complicated. Each player has a fear of losing, but..."

But he plays. Just as Korchnoi plays against Karpov now. Karpov perceives in Korchnoi's play a sense of doubt and fear. Stean admits that Korchnoi may have lost a bit of self-confidence in the first 10 days of the match, but says he has no fear of losing, and certainly no fear of Karpov. Before their first match in Baguio, when asked if he feared Karpov, Korchnoi replied, "I fear nobody but the dentist."

Says Stean, "That is still true." **END**



Shepherd had a new gambit for Korchnoi.

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## HORSE RACING

by William Leggett

**T**he names of the races can't really mean that much to Bill Shoemaker anymore. Heck, he's 50 years old and has been riding for 32 years, and the number of winning horses he has jumped on and off—more than 8,000—is virtually beyond comprehension. The jockey closest to him is Laffit Pincay Jr., and Pincay is some 3,000 winners behind. And how many athletes have had their best year at age 50?

Last Saturday at Belmont Park, "Willie the Shoe" won again when it truly mattered, and when the past performances of his mount said he shouldn't win. This time the name of the horse was John Henry and the name of the race the Jockey Club Gold Cup. Shoemaker first won the Gold Cup nearly a quarter cen-

tury ago (on Gallant Man in 1957), and three years ago he won it with Exceller, defeating two Triple Crown winners. Seattle Slew by a nose and Affirmed by a lot. This year's race was another close call, with the 6-year-old gelding John Henry holding off another 6-year-old gelding, Peat Moss, to win by a head.

After Shoemaker jumped off John Henry, however, he was called to a telephone to talk to the stewards and discuss a claim of foul lodged against him by Frank Lovato Jr., the rider of Peat Moss. "Yes, sir," Shoemaker said, "I thought I was clear. My horse was getting a little tired in the stretch, but when the other horse came up near him, he dug in again. Yes, sir, thank you." The Shoe put down the phone and a Pinkerton guard handed

him a dozen roses. Shoemaker seemed bewildered. "Where did these come from?" he asked. "Just a lady," the Pinkerton said. "A fan. She carried them around all day, hoping she could give them to you if you won the Gold Cup."

Shoemaker took the flowers and looked into the crowd surrounding the winner's circle. "There she is," the Pinkerton said. Shoemaker lifted the roses into the air. "Special," he said. "Special. No fan ever did this for me before."

Somehow, the fall seems to belong to Bill Shoemaker. It is the time when championships are decided, and Shoemaker makes champions. "I guess people expect me to win," he said at Belmont. "Heck, I expect me to win." His wrinkled face was fitful and beaded with sweat. "Do you believe in the Shoemaker myth yourself?" he was asked. "I'm no myth," he said. "I'm just what I am."

When October comes to Belmont, late afternoon shadows fall across the curve at the top of the stretch, and in the half light it's hard to sort things out as the horses make their moves for the long, desperate chase to the finish line. The riders have problems of their own. In the Gold Cup, a 1½-mile race, Shoemaker pushed John Henry to the front at the top of the stretch, then wondered, "Have I moved too quick?" The race marked only the third time Shoemaker had ridden John Henry, and the horse has a mind of his own. When John Henry gets to the lead, he often gets lazy and waits for other horses to challenge him. John Henry opened up a length-and-a-half margin, and then loafed along, waiting for a horse to come up and run with him, to fight. One horse did. Approaching the wire, Peat Moss, a 50-1 shot, drove up alongside and forced John Henry to dig in and start running. The victory virtually secured Horse of the Year honors for John Henry, and his purse of \$340,800 made him the richest in racing his— *continued*

### A day of wine and roses

*It was a bouquet for Shoe and a vintage Champagne at Belmont*



Peat Moss tried valiantly, but Shoemaker and John Henry (8) held on in the Gold Cup.

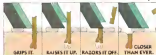


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tory, with a career total of \$2,805,310 \$23,703 more than Spectacular Bid.

John Henry is a marvelous old alley fighter. Although he's a gelding, he's mean. He loves to "run on the weeds," being virtually unbeatable on a turf course, and many Easterners thought he couldn't run on dirt. Westerners knew better; he had won the Santa Anita Handicap on dirt last March. John Henry had started seven times in 1981 and had won six races, his only loss coming on dirt in the Hollywood Gold Cup.

Although he is worthless for breeding, to his owners, Dorothy and Sam Rubin, John Henry is priceless. Rubin imports bicycles for a living, but his joy is betting on horses. According to Rubin, John Henry could have been named Horse of the Year without even running in the Gold Cup. "But I thought we had to run him," Rubin said before the race. "I owed it to the horse. I also owed it to racing. I paid \$25,000 for John Henry, and he has won millions for Dot and me. You can't imagine the fun he has given us. If he loses, we won't cry; we'll just come back and try again. If you get beat, you get beat. But you'll still wake up in the morning. And I can still sell bicycles."

But John Henry's race was only part of the story Saturday afternoon. Rarely in any season does a track have a card quite like Belmont's for Oct. 10. Besides the \$568,000 Gold Cup it also offered the \$150,250 Champagne Stakes for 2-year-olds, and it, too, turned out to be a sensational race.

Before Dawn is a 2-year-old filly of uncommon talent. She is a shimmering bay, and her breeding is such (by Raise A Cup from the Tam Tam mare Moonbeam) that one can truly say she has "trout jumping through her bloodstream." Years ago it wasn't uncommon for fillies to run against colts at the age of 2. No longer. The risks are too high, the races too tough. Before Dawn, owned by Calumet Farm, was undefeated in five starts before the Champagne and could have continued to win against fillies. Instead, trainer John Vetch decided to put her in the Champagne—the top 2-year-old race in the nation—against a dozen colts.

Two days before the Champagne, Vetch was at a cocktail party at a friend's home. People wished him luck and, as always, Vetch was gracious and funny. "I know what racetracks are saying," he said. "They're saying, 'There goes Crazy John again. He's running a filly against



Before Dawn and hot-walker Ron Doran take a brief breather before the Champagne.

colts. He shouldn't do that. You don't do that." Well, we're going to do it. She's beaten all the other 2-year-old fillies, so let's try the colts and prove that she's the best 2-year-old around of either sex."

The Champagne, a one-mile race that has produced the ultimate 2-year-old champion in 15 of the last 17 years, proved that Before Dawn, the 4-5 favorite, is a remarkable filly indeed. She was on the inside, a horrible position at Belmont because the track along the rail is deep and tiring. Before Dawn broke 11th and had to race hard to catch up. She took the lead at the half-mile pole and carried it well until the wearying inside lane got to her. With about an eighth of a mile to go, Timely Writer came up the middle of the strip and won by 4½ lengths in an impressive performance. But Before Dawn humiliated the other colts, beating them by from three to 25 lengths.

Timely Writer, now the best of the 2-year-old colts in the East, is owned by Frank and Peter Martin's Nitram (Martin spelled backward). Stable of Boston. Though good 2-year-olds seldom emerge from New England, Timely Writer has the look of a horse that will run a distance. His sire, Staff Writer, never raced but is by Northern Dancer, while his dam, Twill, is by Swaps. The colt has now won more than \$210,000 and will probably give New Englanders their first genuine Kentucky Derby threat in memory.

Timely Writer's trainer, Dominic Imprescia, came out of the Merchant Marine in 1946 and opened a used-car lot in his hometown of Fitchburg, Mass. The used-car business was evidently so good that by 1947 Imprescia could afford to

buy a few horses. In 1948 he fired his trainer but kept the car lot, and in 1960 he sold the auto business and became a full-time trainer. This past winter Imprescia was the leading trainer at Hialeah and this spring he realized an ambition by saddling a 23-1 long shot, Soldier Boy, which won the Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs. The Mass 'Cap offers the biggest purse in New England (\$162,000), but rarely has a New England-based horse won. This year, however, roars went up at Suffolk when Soldier Boy won the big one for the home folks.

When the Champagne was over, Imprescia gave Timely Writer the ultimate compliment. "He's the 2-year-old champion," he said, "and he beat a darned fine filly. The race was the biggest and most important I've ever won. It's even bigger than the Miss 'Cap."

John Henry probably will run twice more this year, in the \$300,000 Oak Tree Invitational at Santa Anita and the \$500,000 Hollywood Turf Cup. Those races are on grass. And so, by the end of 1981, it is more than likely that he will have amassed more than \$3 million in purses. Not bad for a horse that once sold for \$1,100.

Last Saturday afternoon at Belmont may have been a preview of what's ahead for racing fans. Before Dawn and Timely Writer are just coming into focus, and the public will have a chance to enjoy them for a while. John Henry is also going to be around and growing richer for at least a year or two. And Shoemaker has no intention of retiring, either. "Maybe," he said after the Gold Cup, "I'm just starting to get good."

ENO





# WHAT'S UP? DOC.

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*Dr. Robert Arnot sleeps three hours a night to have time to board-sail, speed-skate, run, bicycle, doctor, dance, romance and play the trumpet*

---

by DAN LEVIN

**O**n Feb. 23, 1948, at Boston's Lying-In Hospital, an obstetrician named George Goethals assisted at the birth of a male infant, to be named Robert Burns Arnot, the first of six children born to Robert Eugene Arnot, a psychiatrist, and the former Mary Burns. Goethals was the son of George Washington Goethals, chief engineer in the construction of the Panama Canal. Born Goethals, as it has turned out, oversaw the birth of a wonder of the world.

At the age of 18 months Arnot (pronounced ARE-not) would "escape," as he puts it now, from the frantic clutches of his grandfather, run to a nearby park, *continued*

## WHAT'S UP? DOC.

continued

clamber up a 16' ladder and careen down a slide that 6-year-olds feared—and to think that his friends hadn't started to call him Crazy Bob yet. He would pick up that name as he grew to 6' 4" and began doing things like chopping through New Hampshire ice to race canoes, windsurfing in huge swells off Maui, ice-climbing in the Himalayas and flying to Greece for a marathon, which he ran in 2:38.

What wouldn't Arnot do? What couldn't he do? Last summer he laced on speed roller skates for the first time and in September finished 11th, in a field of 800, in the 26.2-mile Brooklyn Rollathon. Now he skates all over the country, flying his plane from race to race, sometimes three in a day, and practicing the trumpet at 15,000 feet. Last April Arnot entered his fifth straight Boston Marathon, and one half expected him to wait down that city's hallowed course behind Bill Rodgers and two or three other lean and skinny chaps. But he only ran a 2:59.16. Perhaps he shouldn't have completed a 27-mile bicycle race the previous day.

That was Easter Sunday, and the race was at one p.m. Arnot, then living at his parents' Wellesley, Mass. home, could have slept late, but he didn't. Arnot never sleeps late. Indeed, it seems he hardly ever sleeps at all. At 9:15 he was practicing a piece on his piccolo trumpet, a baroque classic, Giuseppe Tartini's *Concerto in D* with his right hand; with his left he was steering his BMW 2002 north on Route 128 at 70 mph. At 10 he would play at one Easter service in Winchester, 20 miles from Wellesley, and at 10:45 he'd play at another back in Wellesley. The pic is the tiniest of the trumpets, and Arnot kept lowering it and flapping his lips like an exhausted horse. "See this little indentation around my lip?" he asked. "Playing notes in the upper octaves with the pic requires more airway pressure than any sport. Mouthpiece pressure on the lips to maintain an air seal in this range restricts circulation to the lips and may cause permanent damage."

Might then he be playing too much today?

"Could be," he replied, "but it wouldn't be worth doing if there weren't any danger, would it?"

Arnot Sr. observes, "We are what we were. Bob is the sixth generation of pioneer spirit expressing itself in the '80s. In 1805 James Arnot immigrated to America from Scotland. His son Daniel then

went to Canada. Daniel's son Robert pioneered to North Dakota. Robert's son Jesse moved on to Montana, and Jesse's son—myself—came to Massachusetts. Bob is exploring a new frontier—sports medicine, computers, airplanes, even windsurfing—these are the new things of his time.

"Bobby always had tremendous hope and energy. He could have tremendous defeats, but he never whined, never

sought attention in a negative way. Yet he did have a need to be recognized, and we paid him more attention growing up than we did the five other children put together, because he always did things you noticed. He was never involved in team sports as a child; he was no athlete, which he'll tell you. His brothers were excellent athletes—every one could do things better than Bobby. But he never complained. He has always had a tremendously good





*Last spring, a typical slice of Arnot's life included competition in a board-sail race, a cycling race and a roller-skating marathon—in Massachusetts Bay, N.Y., Bedford, Mass. and Long Beach, Calif.*

spirit, and the confidence to conquer a new challenge. My wife," Dr. Arnot adds, "has the same damn energy."

It seemed, there in the car, as it often does, that Arnot was working hard to maintain a persona, but at the churches that required no effort, what with his great curly mane, the brassy glint of his instrument and the sharp, high notes of the Tartini resounding among the pews.

Arnot changed at his parents'—a phone booth would have been more appropriate—and sped up to Bedford, 15 miles away. He had raced little in recent years, and the strategies of cycling are demanding, especially for someone whose ego tells him to break from the pack and dust the field. But on this day Arnot showed some restraint. The race was 30 laps around a .9-mile course, and at the end of each lap there he was, back in the pack, waiting. When the race was over he had finished fourth.

Afterward he said, "Cycling is so much more rewarding than running. In a mara-

thon you reach your top speed when your legs reach theirs. If, that is, you're not limping around with musculoskeletal injuries. You're never even out of breath. But in a bike race you can be out of breath most of the time, and the next day your legs are ready to go again."

On the morning after the marathon Arnot was limping around, but at 7 a.m. he flew his white Beechcraft Bonanza to Claremont, N.H., and at eight o'clock he

began a 24-hour stint as physician in charge of the emergency room at Claremont's Valley Regional Hospital. Since early 1980 Robert B. Arnot, M.D., has worked with National Emergency Services, Inc., a 6½-year-old Tiburon, Calif. outfit that assigns physicians to staff emergency rooms and provides marketing research and financial consulting to hospitals. NES has more than 1,200 physicians on call, but Arnot had *continued*





Arnot likes to blow his own horn. In this case a piccolo trumpet, at 15,000 feet, in his Beechcraft

## WHAT'S UP? DOC.

*continued*

so impressed his directors that he had already been made one of its two national education directors. A dozen or so times each month he flew off to some small town, usually in the Northeast, NES's fastest growing region, to man an emergency room. Each stint lasted anywhere from one day to a week, and NES paid him an average of \$35 per hour. He put in as many as 300 hours in an average month, which is \$10,500 worth of emergency service. As he said on the way to Claremont, "The work keeps me aloft and solvent. Besides, I like to keep a hand in emergency medicine. It's fun to be in there with the blood and the gore."

At 10 that night, in a small room far from the patients, a table was strewn with windsurfing and roller-skating magazines, and piccolo trumpet music bounced off the walls. Arnot was practicing the Turtini when the phone rang and a nurse asked, "Is this Carnegie Hall?"

"Yes," Arnot said.

"They want you to come down and sew up a cut lip."

Arnot played a few more bars of the Turtini and then made his way gingerly to the emergency room, where a boy, not more than three, in yellow pajamas sat on a bed, tears drying on his cheeks, his worried parents looking on.

"What did you do?" Arnot asked him, but got no reply.

"You cut your lip, didn't you? What are we going to do about that?" He looked at the boy's lip with a flashlight. Then he told the mother, "We could put in some sutures and probably scare him to death, but I'd prefer to leave it as it is. There'll be a little bleeding, but he'll be much happier, and it will heal perfectly."

He told the kid, "We're not going to do anything to you, is that all right?" The kid answered, "Yuh," his first sound, and burst into tears. As the parents were leaving, Arnot told them, "He was too scared to cry."

The nurse, who was referring to Arnot as Dr. Ben Gay, asked him, "Are you in pain?"

"I wouldn't admit it if I was," Arnot told her.

"He ran the marathon yesterday," she explained to a visitor, "and he had a bike race Sunday, and..."

"The Japanese guy Toshihiko Seko. He zapped Rodgers and he zapped me."

"...and he can't move. But he won't admit that he feels a..."

"But I guarantee you Seko didn't ride a 27-mile bike race the day before."

"I'm energetic," Arnot says, "because I'm excited about what I do, medicine and physiology, and you've got to play hard to work hard. Competition is stimulating, but so are the dynamic consequences of what I see as medicine's two hottest fields, human performance and emergency care. The one is giving an individual his best shot at a fun, healthy life.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY RESISTE

The other is catching him if he falls."

Arnot was called seven more times that night, once to pump out the stomach of a man who had overdosed on barbiturates, but he got three hours of sleep, all he says he needs most nights, and soon after at 8 a.m. he was back in the air.

Arnot began flying in 1977, after he lost his driver's license for speeding in six states—New York and every New England state but Maine. He got his pilot's license in 3½ weeks and bought the Beechcraft, then two years old, for \$74,500. In 1980 he logged 600 hours of air time and never missed a practice session with the pic up there. On a long trip, he usually takes the Beech to 18,000 feet for a distinctive brand of altitude training, hoping to improve his ability to adapt to the higher altitudes of ice climbing. Recently he began looking for a larger plane, and indeed it is hard to visualize what he claims to have accomplished in his tiny cockpit one day last year, with his girl friend for that flight, on an approach pattern to New York's John F. Kennedy Airport. Arnot is, after all, 6' 4". His companion was five eight or nine, and as he recalled later, "It was confusing for a moment. I was finishing off the last few bars of the Turtini, the telephone was ringing in the airplane, the air-traffic controllers were jabbering away, 747s were whizzing by, the Concorde from London was right overhead; and..."

Arnot left Claremont and headed for New York City, but he decided to put down briefly at Hanscom Field in Bedford. He had forgotten his roller skates. "Recovering from a marathon takes a while," he said, "so I won't be able to do any serious running for a few days. But I can skate tonight and get the kinks out with a few 6.2-mile laps around Central Park. Then, if I feel pretty good, I'll do another lap, just hitting full speed down the hills." He did exactly that, 18.6 miles, and then had dinner with one of the world's most unusual young women. She must be, at 29, small and perpetually tanned, she is a veritable senior citizen to the 33-year-old Arnot; yet she has endured in his life for more than a year, while a dizzying parade of 19- to 21-year-old models has come and gone.

They met last summer at a fancy Fifth Avenue cocktail party. As she recalls it, "I nearly tripped over something in the doorway, and I asked the host, 'What are these?'

*continued*

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## WHAT'S UP? DOG.

continued

"Roller skis," he said. "They're my friend's. He's out skating in Central Park." And suddenly this sweaty guy with no shirt comes lurching in. He was wearing speed skates, with white satin shorts, and he was gorgeous. We sat next to each other at dinner.

"What else does he do?" I wondered. "Give lessons?" I figured he was a roller-skating bum. That's all he talked about.

"I said, 'Where do you live?'"

"He said, 'Boston.'"

"Where do you skate in Boston?"

"Oh, I skate in New York."

"I thought, 'My God, he commutes to skate!'"

"Finally I said, 'Uh, how do you support your skating?'"

"Well," he said, "I'm a doctor."

"I figured he was full of it. But he was gorgeous, and I was going to Southampton for the weekend, so I told him, 'If you come out, give me a call.' I never thought he would, but he did. He said, 'I'm flying around in my plane.'"

"It sounded like another put-on, but he was funny, really off the wall. He said, 'I

might be over tonight,' and I thought, 'Sure,' but that night, at dinner, he called. 'I'm stuck in Newport,' he said.

"An hour later he called again. 'I can't get down,' he said. 'The East Hampton Airport is fogged in.' Minutes later he called a fourth time and said, 'I'm going to buzz your house.' I'd hardly hung up when I heard this terrible racket outside.

"Anyway, the next day I bumped into him. He was with a very young girl, and the next morning they took off at dawn, heading for a bicycle race in New Hampshire. I figured he was really nuts. But that night he called again and said, 'I'd like to see you.' He flew in, and he's continued to fly in, from all over the East. It was obvious that he didn't have a conventional medical practice. It took me six months to really understand what he does and how he'd gotten to do it."

Of course Arnot doesn't have a conventional medical practice. He rarely has a conventional day. As a Notre Dame student, he spent his sophomore and senior years at the universities of Innsbruck and Fribourg, respectively, learning German and skiing. The school called it a foreign study program, and apparently Arnot worked some studying in. Notre Dame did give him a B.A., in 1970, in professional studies. He then entered Dartmouth Med School. In the spring of his first year there it was announced that the 109 days he had skied over the winter, at the Dartmouth Skiway, was the second highest total of that season. For anyone, including ski bums.

"He certainly wasn't a grind," says Dr. Carleton Chapman, dean of the medical school at the time. "His mind and body required action. He couldn't spend 12 hours a day in the library, as you have to do to get the highest grades. But he was very intelligent and extremely capable, and I'm proud of him."

In 1972 Arnot entered McGill University in Montreal for his last two years of med school. His professor of pathology was Dr. Huntington (Skip) Sheldon, who also served as trainer for the

McGill ski team. "Bob was a bright, thoughtful and energetic fellow," Sheldon recalls. "At the end of his first year his teammates presented him with a statue of a skier made of hot dogs—the Biggest Hot Dog of the Year Award. Bob had a huge sense of adventure. He'd ski down any hill, but he'd rarely get to the bottom without falling."

In June of 1974 Arnot received his medical degree from McGill and three weeks later returned to New Hampshire, where he completed two of the customary three years as a resident in internal medicine at the Dartmouth-affiliated Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital in Hanover.

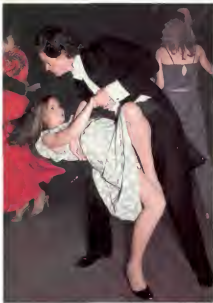
In the summers of 1975 and 1976 members of the U.S. national crew and cross-country ski teams trained at Dartmouth, and all the athletes seemed to be talking about sports technology, about lactic acid and oxygen-consumption analyses and of other tests that could lead to improved athletic performance.

Marty Hall, then the U.S. cross-country skiing coach, was talking science, too; his skiers, he told Arnot, needed some sort of laboratory. Arnot was even more interested than Hall—and less knowledgeable. He had never even taken a course in sports physiology. He promptly put in two weeks at the Harvard Medical School library, reading "all the hot journals" from the last 10 years, and, in January of 1978, to further acquaint himself with the subject, he set off on a tour of the best sport science laboratories in 10 different European countries. For the next 22 months he would commute to and from Lake Placid, applying his knowledge in a sports-medicine laboratory he set up there.

Three hundred fifty thousand dollars worth of equipment had been delivered to Lake Placid, under circumstances that were to constitute another chapter in the Olympic confusion of the 1980 Winter Games. Manufacturers had loaned or donated equipment, some on the assumption that Arnot's lab was an official Olympic facility, and indeed Arnot had reason to believe that it would be. He had been given a go-ahead by members of the original Lake Placid Organizing Committee to take a second European trip in June of 1978. By the time he returned, that committee was dissolving, but Arnot continued with the project—a decision that ultimately cost him \$150,000 of his own

continued

Arnot and partner Lauren Singer cut a Boston rag to ribbons.





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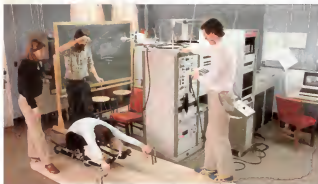
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## WHAT'S UP? DOC.

continued



It's not torture, it's just Arnot putting a laper through his three-dimensional motion analysis.

money and enveloped him in a cloud of controversy, because the laboratory was not an official Olympic facility. When Arnot's name arises in conventional medical circles, cries of "charlatan" and "promoter" still fill the air, though the epithets are ordinarily qualified by the adjective "gifted" and the noun "genius."

All sorts of athletes came to the lab, cross-country skiers, runners, speed skaters, cyclists, crossmen and lugers, to name a few, and if the work Arnot did with them was *ad hoc* to a degree that enraged conventional medical opinion, it was also pertinent. As Dr. Allan Ryan, now editor-in-chief of *The Physician and Sportsmedicine*, says, "He has trained himself, which draws criticism from the classic exercise physiologists who want him to have a formal training, but his Lake Placid lab was active and useful."

No group was as well represented there as the cross-country skiers. Arnot had brought home from Europe the realization that in the off-season such skiers had to train the legs and upper body simultaneously. After the Games, Hall, now Canadian National coach, said, "I'm a lot smarter coach for having been involved with Arnot's work."

Arnot rigged a device to simulate poling—a pulley, adjustable for tension, and a cord with handles extending from each side—and had the skiers speed hike on an elevation-adjustable treadmill. He tried various combinations of arm-and-leg tensions and ultimately was able to prove

that the skiers' isolated leg and upper body exercising had not been the most effective method of training.

Arnot also tested the athletes on a piece of sports science equipment called a breath-by-breath pulmonary gas-exchange system, which he linked up to a computer. It enabled him to determine each athlete's anaerobic threshold, the level of exertion at which lactic acid in the blood increases suddenly, causing breathlessness and burning in the muscles. That is the level at about which all endurance athletes should train to optimally increase their race pace, and no athlete benefited more from this testing than Doug Peterson of Hanover, N.H., a 28-year-old skier on the U.S. cross-country team, who says that he improved more in the last two years, having worked with Arnot, than in all the previous seven years. "Bob Arnot," he says, "has done more for elite athletes, in my sport, at least, than anyone else in the country."

Olympic competition began in February of 1980, and activity in Arnot's lab ended. Although the experience cost Arnot the \$150,000, he says that it was worth that much and more to him, and he continues to be fascinated by the role of science in improving athletic performance. After Lake Placid he also had a new nickname to go with Doctor Ben Gay; a lot of people were starting to call him Doctor Sport.

One night late last April Arnot met his 29-year-old for dinner in New York, and

soon thereafter he began a typically hectic five-week slice of life. He kicked off, characteristically, with a sleepless night in a hospital, followed, equally characteristically, by a 60-mile bicycle race in the a.m. That night, with a windsurfing race on Long Island ahead of him the next day, Arnot attended a formal dance given by Boston's Alliance Française. The band played '40s jitterbug music, and Arnot's date spent a good part of the evening and early morning in defiance of various Newtonian laws, whirling dizzily about his chest, shoulders and neck. Most of the other partygoers were content to watch, as Arnot, rarely known to resist an audience or a pretty girl, failed to resist again.

The next afternoon, windsurfing in the second of three triangle races, Arnot fell from his board and finished last. He had slept only three hours the night before, and he seemed to be having difficulty concentrating. But maybe that had something to do with the presence, just off his stern, of a photographer in a lauch.

Three days later Arnot received a call from the U.S. Olympic Yachting Committee denying his request, made weeks earlier, to attend the Olympic windsurfing (board sailing) training camp in June. It had nothing to do with the results of the Long Island race; the committee said there was little chance of anyone weighing more than 140 pounds—Arnot weighs 185—doing well in Olympic competition. Arnot had raced credibly in heavy seas off Maui, a big man's game; as for competing in small waves, he was disappointed with the committee's decision but had to agree with its reasoning.

Now it was 7 a.m. at Claremont's hospital. Arnot was completing a 24-hour shift during which he had administered intravenous therapy to a truck driver with an acute asthma attack, X-rayed and examined a local millworker who had caught her arm in a machine, and examined a woman who had suffered a massive stroke, then confronted her family with his diagnosis and his opinion that the prognosis was poor. He had also put in some time with the Tartini and "worked the phones," as he puts it, running up a phone bill of \$97 while arranging with his 29-year-old for jaunts to various Hampdens and culling all over the West to determine "the hot wheels" for an upcoming roller-skating race.

As a weary nurse asked, "What does he use for fuel?" Arnot could hardly wait for



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the day's activities to begin. He had had eight hours sleep, after all, only three nights earlier. At eight he was telling a breakfast gathering of the Newport, N.H. Chamber of Commerce, "... your overall life expectancy, and how you feel from day to day, is largely determined by what you do for yourself, by how fit you are." He was about to begin what he calls a Health Sports Day, in conjunction with the Newport Hospital, an NES affiliate. It would be his 10th such day in 1981.

An hour later he was at Newport High School, where 150 high school athletes from Newport and surrounding towns had gathered. He spoke of the East Germans' Olympics successes and of how they had been achieved. He said that the German athletes train 364 days a year, which elicited groans—he didn't mention his own schedule—and added, "Each of you has a special kind of body, suited for one sport or another."

To illustrate this he asked for two volunteers, one from a skill sport and one from endurance sports. He got a girl and a boy, a gymnast and a distance runner, respectively. He had laid out an 18" square on the floor with adhesive tape, the basis of a motor-skills test used by the U.S. ski team; the object is to jump from each side to the center and back, and to complete three circuits of the square that way. Both volunteers would be timed, and their times would indicate the levels of their motor skills. They would then practice and try again, and their second times would indicate how quickly they would be likely to learn skill sports.

The boy, stumbling, required 16.11 seconds. The girl took 14. Both improved with their second tries, the boy to 15 seconds, the girl to 11.2 "See," Arnot said to her, "you may not have as large a heart and lungs as this fellow, and you might not do as well in running the mile, but you have superior motor skills, so it isn't surprising that you're a good gymnast."

At 10:45 that morning, the high school session ended. Arnot went roller-skating and returned two hours and 15 minutes—32 miles—later. In three days he would be in California, to compete in the third annual Long Beach Roller Skating Marathon as well as in two shorter races of 10 and 20 kilometers, all on the same day. He would be the first skater in the history of the races to compete in all three.

One member of the high school audience had been Clint Cooper, president of

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## WHAT'S UP? DOC.

continued

Newport Hospital, and as Arnot wheeled away, Cooper was saying, "Some people call Bob an egotist, but I think the right term is egotist; he just has a good feeling about himself and what he's doing, and he has an almost missionary zeal for fitness. I can't find fault with anything he does. He's a great doctor, he's in great shape, and he's got the world by the tail."

That afternoon Arnot attended Newport High School's track and field practice. A group of millers and hurdlers was about to run 15 330s, and Arnot jumped in. In his third 330—Arnot would run them all—he was second at the halfway point, a small miler tried to pass, but Arnot held his position. Someone said, "I think your competitive juices are flowing."

"Oh," Arnot said. "I haven't run sprints like this since I was in high school myself."

"But it obviously matters to you, to do your best."

"It always does," he said.

In the seventh 330 Arnot led until the second turn, but this time he faded to third, finishing in 54 seconds. He said, "You get your pH to 6.7, down from the normal 7.2, and the muscles just don't produce any more energy. You're dead."

He was asked, "Isn't the 32 miles of roller skating affecting your performance?"

"A little," he said. "I was practicing sprint starts out there this morning, on hills, but basically I'm not very fast."

That evening, at dinner with Cooper, Arnot was talking about his tastes in sports. He had always been terrible at games such as baseball, football and basketball, he said, and he might have wound up fat and out of shape at 33 but for a conversation with a physiologist at summer camp when he was 15. The physiologist suggested that he might be better suited for endurance sports, which Arnot had never thought of trying. Soon he was swimming a mile a day and running three or four. "I was amazed that I could do it," he said.

Cooper seemed fascinated. So did their waitress, though it may have had

something to do with Arnot's dramatic blue eyes, strong jaw, impish grin and narrow—the word may be "chiseled"—slightly turned-up nose. As he left the restaurant she sent a co-worker after him with a note. It read: "Tomorrow is my day off," and included her telephone number.

After dinner, back at the high school,



Arnot calculates heart rates and volume to help discern athletic potential.

Arnot delivered a lecture to 30 New Hampshire athletic directors and coaches, a basic introduction to sports science. He told them that the heart and lungs develop mainly in the teen years, which was when coaches could make the most important contribution. He said that many kids don't begin to mature physically until 14 or 15, but that many of them have big hearts and lungs even then. "I did," he said, "and I was a total loss at games. Then I met a doctor who told me I'd do well in endurance sports, and I was off. So you may have kids who could be great marathon runners. They should be encouraged."

At the end of the lecture, a reporter from TV Channel 31 in Hanover came over with a camera and asked Arnot, "What's your basic message to coaches?"

"That there's a perfect, or near perfect, sport for everyone," he said, "based on heart, lung and frame size, muscle-fiber type and what kind of motor skills you have."

"And what is your advice for high school kids, with the Connecticut Valley Championships coming up?"

"Well," Arnot deadpanned, "what I always advocate is sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll."

He didn't confide that 13 years ago, in Morocco, on spring vacation from the University of Innsbruck, he had taken a puff from a hashish cigarette and promptly fallen asleep. That is still his only experience with drugs, unless one wants to count the prodigious quantities of adrenaline that undoubtedly course through his veins.

That night at 11 Arnot got a ride to the airport, where he wrestled his bike from the back seat of his airplane and then raced 45 miles through the dark New England countryside. The next morning he woke at 5:45 and went 35 more, pushing hard on the hills, "trying," he explained, "to pick up a little more anaerobic power for Long Beach." At 8 a.m. he began another 24-hour shift at Claremont, and 12 hours later he had a visitor, the waitress from the night before last.

Arnot left Claremont the next morning at eight, flew to Bedford, drove to Wellesley for his clothes and some money and at noon caught a 747 for Los Angeles and Long Beach. It had to be a 747, because he needed the upstairs lounge in which to practice his pnc. He played the Turtini a few times—the pilot came out to investigate, but didn't object.

The Long Beach Roller Skating Marathon consisted of 10 2.6-mile oval laps, up and down a waterfront freeway closed to traffic. Arnot fell behind the lead pack from the start, and by the end of the fifth lap he was five minutes behind it. But he did complete the race, in 1:44:03. Two hundred and fifty-six skaters left the starting line, 47 dropped out and Arnot finished 45th. A serious, full-time skater named Ken Sutton was the winner, in 1:30:21, but he wasn't entered in the 20-km. race. That one had a field of 155; 148 finished, and Arnot, nothing if not consistent, was 45th again.

By now the temperature had risen to more than 90°, and at the skaters' level it felt like the inside of a kiln. In the 10-km. race, 245 of 268 skaters finished, and Arnot was 56th. Coming into the last turn he wobbled momentarily, nearly falling, but righted himself and crossed the line in

continued

## WHAT'S UP? DOC.

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27:33, Jay Goodman's winning time was 21:13.

Helen Johnson, who helped organize the races, which benefit the Long Beach Community Hospital Foundation, and had been alerted earlier to Arnot's triple, said, "I just looked at today's records, and I don't know how he did it. He's an incredible man. After the marathon some of those people could barely stand unaided." Arnot, who looked as if he needed an aluminum walker himself, was asked, "On a scale of zero to 10, how much pain are you in?"

"Zero," he said.

Perhaps it was true. As Miss 29 recently observed, "Either his nerve endings aren't fully developed or his threshold of pain has been raised abnormally high, because of what he's put himself through all these years."

Someone else said to Arnot at Long Beach, "You must take a day off occasionally. When you're sick, at least!"

"I've never been sick," he said. "Oh, I did have the Hong Kong flu at Lake Placid, when I was cross-country skiing, so I just skied slower than usual, and longer—25 miles or so." He added thoughtfully, "If someone proved that all this exercise would kill me at 50, I'd still do it and feel great every day, rather than make it to 70 or 80 as a wimp. I could never stop. I find that heavy, vigorous exercise discharges the nervous system. I had a terrible day recently; at 2:30 in the morning, in the plane, I was still on the phone, and I was

coming in for a landing at the time. There was no visibility. I couldn't find the runway, and I was nearly out of gas. The engine was actually sputtering. But at 7 a.m. I did a bike race, and all that bad stuff went out of my system. I was psyched up for the day."

Two days after the Long Beach races Arnot was offered the position of National Medical Director for NES. If he accepted, he would continue to do some emergency-room work, but he would also be charged with the responsibility of overseeing the activities of 1,200 physicians and of acting as liaison to 90 hospitals. He would be second in command only to NES President Dr. Allan Rappaport, who has called Arnot "an amazingly talented physician" and lauded his "ability to communicate ideas and to promote the service we offer." Arnot, after being assured that he wouldn't be tied to a desk, that he could race and work out as always and that he could continue his involvement with sports medicine, and after returning to Boston to discuss the offer with his accountants, agreed to take the job, starting on July 1. He would have to live in New York City—NES's eastern headquarters is on Long Island—but he wouldn't be spending any more time there than he had in Wellesley; he had rarely slept two consecutive nights at his parents' home since college. He told friends that by the end of 1982 the job could be paying him \$250,000 a year.

As Arnot streaks past, everyone in his

wake wants more, indeed, feels that Arnot owes them more. More time, more attention, more research and, frequently, more money. Capable, perhaps, of significant medical work, Arnot shows no real sign of settling down and doing it; at an age where he might reasonably be determining his own focus, he seems rather to be spreading himself farther and wider. He's not returning to the laboratory, he's appearing instead on television, as an occasional sports-medicine commentator for ABC.

"Bob's an entrepreneur," says one doctor who worked with him at Lake Placid. "His contribution is on the commercial side, as opposed to being academic. This is hard for many to accept."

The month of May was winding down for Arnot. Like a Kansas twister. In Boston, he left his accountants' offices and soon was cycling through the Massachusetts countryside. He did 80 miles that day, 90 the next, and the following day, Sunday, May 24, he finished with the lead pack in a 50-mile race in downtown Boston. He immediately drove to Bedford and flew to Plymouth, N.H., where an old friend, Gwen English, sped him along country roads to Waterville Valley. One 9-mile lap of a 30-mile U.S. Cycling Federation race there had been completed, but Arnot jumped in, catching up to finish among the leaders in a field of 33. It was two o'clock. Back at Plymouth, he and English boarded the Beechcraft, returned to Bedford and drove a short distance to the Wellesley home of Arnot's sister, Bonnie, for a barbecue. At 10, back at Bedford, they took off for Nantucket. At 7:30 the following morning Arnot left English on the beach, flew to the Norwood Airport, picked up his sister, Jeanne, her husband, John, and their son, Dan, and flew them to Hyannis for a Cape Cod beach day. Then he flew back to Nantucket for a one-mile ocean swim and an eight-mile run on the beach before scooping up English and flying back to the Cape. Chatham this time, to test four new board sails. Then he flew to Hyannis, picked up Jeanne and her family, dropped them back at Norwood and flew to Worcester, where at 7:30 he picked up an old buddy, Dr. Jimmy McGuire. Together they flew up to Plymouth, discussing medicine enroute, to deposit English. Then Arnot flew McGuire back to Worcester, flew himself back to Bedford, left his plane and cycled some 15 miles



At age 2½, Bobby Arnot hadn't yet got, let alone lost, his driver's license in six states.

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## WHAT'S UP? DOC.

continued

through the dark night, arriving at Jeanne's home in Wellesley at 11 for dinner.

There is little point in listing Arnot's activities in the week that followed. The eyes do tend to glaze over after a while. Let us, rather, join Doctor Sport on the morning of Monday, June 1 at the Club Med Village in Haiti. Arnot was about to play the starring role in a fitness week of sorts, co-sponsored by Club Med and Pernier. The week featured a race-walking expert; a nutritionist; a consultant in hair care; an instructor in aerobic dance, calisthenics and yoga; and Arnot, who had assembled a battery of sports aptitude tests for the occasion. He called them Sport Boards. Included were the motor-skills test, the vertical jump test, a means of determining muscle-fiber type (sprint fiber or endurance fiber) that is less accurate than the taking of muscle biopsies but less painful, a one-mile time trial in the race-walk, another indicator of muscle-fiber type: a series of eye tests; a test to determine lung capacity; and tests for flexibility and percentage of body fat. He also had an M-mode echocardiograph, a diagnostic tool which uses ultrasound to determine the size of the pumping chamber and the thickness of the walls of the subject's heart. The information tells which sports the subject might be best suited for.

On this week Club Med had 425 guests, 190 of whom had signed up for testing, and at the orientation Arnot told them, "Marketing in the U.S. has sold many of us on smoking, drinking and staying up late. But there's a far better way to live—exercising and doing sports, being an action junkie, getting a lot out of every day."

Arnot spent much of the days in Haiti with the test subjects, offering individual counsel. He told them that the Sport Board concept would be used elsewhere, at several NES hospitals, for example, where testing facilities would be set up for older people as well as high school athletes. Arnot believes that a greater percentage of the population would engage in regular physical activity if "they knew the basic nuts and bolts of fitness. People want to know what kind of body components they have and what they're suited for. As for hospitals, they should be associated with wellness."

Arnot's nights at Club Med were spent at the discotheque. He boogied three con-

secutive dance contests, and after each one he disappeared with his dance partner. Late revelers, walking the beach at 3 a.m., were astonished to see them out on the water, pioneering a new sport—call it skinny-windsurfing. Each morning at 7 a.m. Arnot went out to Highway 100 for 18 miles of roller skating. It was quite a sight, the fair-skinned Arnot, on America's trendiest means of transportation, whizzing past barefoot, dumbfounded



Firsthand experience helps Arnot with skiers.

natives leading goats and donkeys.

One afternoon toward the end of the week a friend of Arnot's pointed east, where a mountain range seemed to hover over the village. For Arnot, the gesture amounted to an imperative, and minutes later Arnot and friend were jogging eastward. They found a path—or a vague, tortuous suggestion of one—and started upward in the oppressive June heat. They sweated and swatted at fearsome-looking insects, but an hour after leaving the village they stood on the peak, with the Club Med village and the Caribbean far below. It was growing dark, though, so they decided not to tarry, stumbling downward on a seemingly better path. The light was all but gone when the path wound into a thicket. Arnot led, of course. He couldn't have known that path and thicket ended

at the edge of a 400' cliff. He found it out when his lead foot met nothing but air. Frantically twisting his upper body, Arnot lunged backward. His fingers raked to hold on to the cliff edge, and he stopped falling, one palm all but impaled on a sort of pointed stake. As Arnot pulled himself upward and disengaged it, blood spattered everywhere.

It was full dark now, and as Arnot and his friend tried another route down the mountain, they saw the lights of many candles, moving slowly, and heard chanting. Suddenly they felt hands on their shoulders. Arnot, never at a loss for words, said, "Here's where we get cannibalized."

He tried French, "Nous sommes perdus," he said. "We're lost. *Perdus! Perdus!*" He raised his palms, blood and all, in a gesture of inquiry. "Club Med? Club Med?" he repeated. The natives understood, they just wanted to be paid for their assistance. Finally they worked out a deal: Arnot's Pernier T-Shirt in exchange for directions to the highway.

Ninety minutes later Arnot stood at the Club Med bar, bare-chested, his hand resembling a piece of raw chuck steak, and regaled a group of bikini-clad young ladies with an account of his latest adventure, his wound getting progressively worse. For more than an hour he paid it no mind, but finally he said, "I'll be right back."

In the infirmary, he sat at a table and swabbed his hand with peroxide, then filled a syringe attached to a large needle with Xylocaine and, with no apparent concern, jabbed the needle into his palm. He asked the nurse for a scalpel, convinced that part of the stake remained in his hand, and when the Xylocaine took effect, began cutting. It was slow going: the incision, oozing blood, was surrounded by discolored, swollen tissue, and a female friend standing by fainted, collapsing into a chair. Arnot had been engaged in a casual monologue about "no-man's-land," a section of the lower palm "where, if you make one wrong move, you never use your fingers again." He probed deeply into the wound with tweezers but found nothing. Finally, he bandaged the hand and headed for the door, saying, "It's going to be tough at the disco tonight, doing the old back flip."

The nurse, her lip curled in what might have been disgust, was heard to mutter, "What a macho man!"



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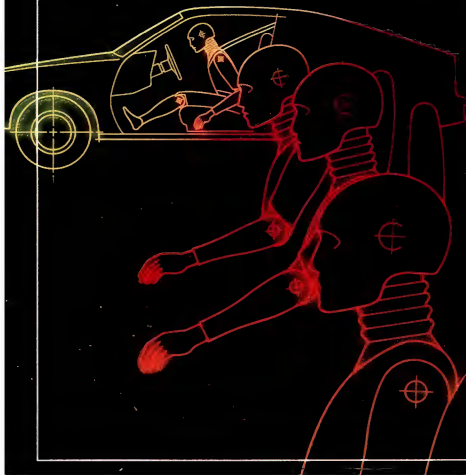
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# Yesterday

by JIM STRAIN

## THE IRON MEN OF PHILLIPS USED JUST 12 PLAYERS IN UPSETTING MIGHTY TEXAS

It rattles like a dried gourd and looks more like a misshapen pumpkin than a football. But the faded score that had been meticulously lettered on its side is still legible: TEXAS U. 6—PHILLIPS U. 10.

Almost every fall, the football is transferred from the Phillips University archives to a display case on the school's Enid, Okla. campus as a proud reminder of an intercollegiate football program that died in 1933. The ball is the only trophy of the 1919 Phillips team, known as Maulbetsch's Iron Men, that was considered by many experts to be the finest football squad in the Southwest that year.

Coached by John Maulbetsch, who had been an All-America halfback at Michigan, the Iron Men briefly lifted Phillips, a private liberal arts university founded in 1906 as Oklahoma Christian University and later renamed after oilman Thomas W. Phillips, from athletic obscurity with an undefeated season and laid claim to the Oklahoma and Southwest championships.

Maulbetsch was attracted to Phillips in 1917 as coach and director of athletics when a group of Enid businessmen, headed by an enthusiastic Michigan alumnus, promised to underwrite half the expenses of an expanded athletic program. Although World War I played havoc with schedules and rosters, Maulbetsch built a formidable football program during his first two years, despite being called into the Naval Aviation Corps after the second game of 1918. The remainder of that season he sent instructions to the team by mail, guiding them by remote control to a 4-1 record.

Maulbetsch returned to Phillips in 1919 and began preseason workouts with a squad of more than 30 players that included nine lettermen, several high school stars and a number of former servicemen. By the opening game, the squad

had been whittled to fewer than 20. Three starters later achieved national prominence in various aspects of sport.

Doug Roby, former president of the U.S. Olympic Committee and currently one of two Americans on the 88-member International Olympic Committee, was captain of the Iron Men and a halfback noted for his broken-field running. After 1919 he transferred to Michigan and, having sat out a year, played the '21 and '22 seasons with the Wolverines under Coach Fielding H. (Hurry Up) Yost.

The other two notable Iron Men were Steve Owen and Ev Shelton. After Phillips, Owen played pro football, first with the Kansas City Cowboys (1924-25) and

1943 Wyoming team won the NCAA title.

But in 1919 Shelton was one of numerous students returning to Phillips from military service in Europe, where he had played halfback in the American Expeditionary Force football finals in Paris after the armistice. By that time Maulbetsch had already spotted the powerfully built Owen on campus and introduced him to the game, which he had never played before, by personally engaging him in a 30-minute blocking and tackling drill. "Maulbetsch was a pretty rough customer," says Dutch Richards, the youngest member of the Iron Men and, at 80, one of the few still living. "He was rough in language, rough in actions, rough in his choice of friends."

He was also a strict disciplinarian. Maulbetsch required that players carry rule books at all times and gave rule and signal quizzes four days a week. Misconduct such as cigarette smoking or arriving late in practice was punished with extra running, which occurred often enough for the local newspaper to remark that several players might do well in track.

Perhaps the player who epitomized the Iron Men was Dutch Strauss, a 200-pound fullback who subsequently played pro football with Kansas City. Strauss was an excellent passer, a powerful runner and a punishing linebacker. Against Oklahoma in 1917, he scored a touchdown and drop-kicked a 55-yard field goal despite two broken ribs.

Given the kind of talent that was on hand for the 1919 season, Maulbetsch's biggest headache was arranging a competitive schedule. Only half Phillips' playing dates were filled by mid-September, and Maulbetsch found it difficult to schedule many of the logical Oklahoma and Kansas opponents because of his previous successes against them. It originally had appeared that the Iron Men would open the season against Texas on Oct. 11, but he was able to arrange games with two nearby Oklahoma schools before the trip to Austin.

The first outing resulted in a 90-0 rout of Kingfisher College, in which Strauss scored five touchdowns and Phillips' de-



*Coach Maulbetsch as a 1914 Wolverine All-American*

then the New York Giants (1926-31). He coached the Giants from 1931 to 1952, winning eight divisional and two NFL titles (1934 and 1938). In 1966 he was posthumously inducted into the Pro Football Hall of Fame.

Shelton was similarly honored in 1979 by the Naismith Basketball Hall of Fame. As a college hoops coach, Shelton had 494 career wins in 32 years at Phillips, Wyoming and Sacramento State. His

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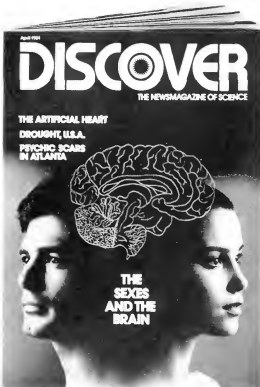


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**YESTERDAY** continued

fense allowed only one first down—on a penalty. Levi's impressive was Phillips' sluggish 27-0 win over Northwestern Normal the next week. Though sloppily played and full of fumbles, the game allowed Maulbetsch to solidify his starting lineup, with one costly exception—Robby was sidelined with a shoulder separation that would put him out of the Texas game.

Earlier that day, Phillips passed an enrollment milestone with the matriculation of its 1,001st student that year, a Cheyenne-Arapahoe Indian named John Levi. The 6' 2", 205-pound Levi, an outstanding athlete, had lettered in football and basketball at Phillips the year before, and his late enrollment in 1919 was fortuitous, to say the least. He reported to practice five days before the Texas game and was immediately installed in the starting backfield, in Robby's place.


Although it later became apparent that Texas, then as now a Southwest football powerhouse, had underestimated Phillips, the outcome of the game was no fluke. In his book, *My Kind of Football*, Owen recalled the unorthodox strategy Phillips used that day. According to Owen, the Iron Men jumped to a 10-point lead and had visions of rolling up the score. But Texas was using 35 men to Phillips' 12—Maulbetsch dared not use what little bench he had—and he feared an aggressive offense would wear out his team. He told the Iron Men to forget about attacking, to punt on first downs and to concentrate on defense.

"John Levi could kick a ball a mile," wrote Owen, "and we played in Texas territory all the game." Owen was a storyteller, not a historian, and his report probably captures the spirit of the game better than its details.

Phillips did use only 12 men and Levi had a fine day punting, but newspaper reports focused on Strauss's performance. "Big 200-pound Strauss of the Phillips squad was the sensation of the game," wrote the *Austin American*, "taking part in all the major plays of the game, bucking Texas' lighter line at will and wielding a powerful toe that often proved marvelous." Strauss scored the game's only touchdown in the second quarter on a pass from Quarterback Harry Schwimmer and drop-kicked a 25-yard field goal with 40 seconds remaining in the half.

The upset stunned Texas, and led to

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#### YESTERDAY *continued*

stories that Phillips had used ringers, but Texas Athletic Director Theo Bellmont quickly squelched the rumors and later said, "Undoubtedly Phillips has the best team on the gridiron in this section."

By the end of the season, few would dispute Bellmont's statement. In 10 games Phillips rolled up 424 points and allowed opponents 14. The only blemish on its record came on Nov. 15 at Stillwater when Oklahoma A&M recovered a blocked punt in Phillips' end zone to gain a 7-7 tie. Oddly enough, one week thereafter the Aggies tied the state's other football power that year, Henry Kendall College (later the University of Tulsa), by the same score.

Kendall had beaten Oklahoma 27-0—the Sooners didn't play Phillips that season—and was also undefeated. Comparative scores with common opponents indicated that the Iron Men and Kendall were well matched, so after Kendall failed to beat Oklahoma A&M, Maulbetsch suggested a postseason playoff game that would determine the state and Southwest champion.

Kendall Coach Francis Schmidt came to Enid on Thanksgiving Day to watch Phillips beat Denver University 58-0 on an icy field. During the visit, Schmidt told Maulbetsch he would let him know his decision about the postseason game on Tuesday. When Maulbetsch didn't hear from Schmidt, he wired his last challenge, offering Kendall two possible playing dates and the home-field advantage.

Two days later, Schmidt responded: "Sorry not to have wired sooner. We do not expect to play Phillips. We do not consider that a win over two normal schools and a tie with the Aggies gives much of a state championship. America is a free country. Claim the title." The Iron Men did.

As a result of Phillips' startling success, it was admitted to the Southwest Conference for the 1920 season. But with the loss of several key Iron Men, Phillips had a disappointing 4-5-1 record and failed to score in conference play. It immediately dropped out of the conference. Maulbetsch was hired to coach Oklahoma A&M in 1921 and, unable to keep up with the highly competitive and growing programs in the region, Phillips' football reputation gradually faded. The Iron Men, however, had left behind a taste of glory and a very special football.

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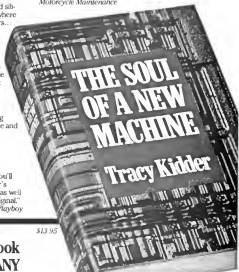
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# Reminiscence

by TED SMILEY

## CORNCOBBS AND A RABE BUTH BAT SET THE STORY STRAIGHT ON CURVEBALLS

Every time I watch Dale Murphy take an off-balance, futile swing at a curveball, I wish my brother Chas were alive and coaching the Atlanta Braves. I have watched Murphy, the gentlemanly and tall (6' 5") centerfielder for the Braves, strike out something like 200 times over the past couple of seasons, on telecasts from Ted Turner's superstition.

Murphy isn't the only big-leaguer to whom "curve" is a dirty word. The player who can hit the curve is the exception, not the rule. Fortunately for the game, today's pitchers throw the curve no better than the batters hit it.

Turn my brother Chas loose on Murphy with a big bag of de-kerneled corncobs, and I'll guarantee Dale would be hitting curveballs to all fields and over the fences within a week. Chas taught me to hit the curve—the out curve, in curve and drop, as we called them—during lazy, hot afternoons in the summer of 1929, and I had nothing like Murphy's talent. Chas taught me so well that the following summer I had a day of glory.

Ted Williams has said that hitting a thrown baseball is the "most difficult thing to do" in sports. Golfers hit the ball almost every time, but if it's moving when they hit it, they're penalized. A basketball player can miss the center of his target by several inches, and the ball still will go swish. Hockey, soccer, lacrosse and polo players can miss the middle of the goal by feet or even yards and still score. The quarterback's target is moving but can adjust to pass over the mark. A tennis player has a large, flat surface with which to hit, and a boxer has a very large object to swing at.

A baseball is different from all other targets in one special way. Unless it is hit dead center, with only a small amount to spare up or down, the batter loses. Unlike the tennis ball, of course, the baseball must be hit with a rounded, not a flat, bat. If the center of the round bat is a little under the center of the baseball when the two meet, the ball will pop into the air; if the center of the bat is a little over the center of the baseball, the ball will take to the ground. It's easy to understand that

hitting a ball traveling in a straight line is far from easy. But have that ball, thrown from 60' 6" away, travel in a straight line for 58 or so feet, then use the last couple of feet to dip down and away from the batter, or down and in toward the batter, or straight down toward the plate, and the difficulty of hitting it has been compounded many times.

Chas could throw a curve and hit one, and as relaxation from his studies he decided that part of my education should be learning to hit the curveball.

We didn't have a lot of money for equipment growing up in Franklin, Pa., so we used what was available—corncobs from a tenant farmer's pigsty—for balls. Chas chopped each corncob into three lengths and, using the century-old, treadle-style grindstone in the barn, ground the pieces into rough spheres. The corncob "balls," I would guess, were perhaps three-fifths the size of baseballs and one-



ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP HARRIS

fifth the weight. They could be thrown at good speed—Chas estimated 30 mph, which, I'll never forget, equals 44 feet a second.

Don't ask me to explain the math of all this, but Chas figured that with home plate 18 feet from the pitching slab, he could get exactly the same ratio of curve-to-distance with a ground corncob that a pitcher could get with a baseball at 60' 6". He threw a few corncobs at the back of the house to test his theories and then borrowed some lime and lined out a home plate, batters' boxes and pitcher's mound.

Now we needed a bat. For some reason

I have forgotten, none of our collection of old, abused bats would do. So Chas dipped into his newsboy earnings and bought one. The bat was a very interesting example of the kind of things that could happen in the world of grown-up skulduggery. It had an oval trademark bearing the trade name Aillerich and Brady, and the A in Aillerich was more like an H with the top closed. The bat was an "Official Louisville Slugger" and was autographed by somebody called "Rabe Buth." It cost Chas something like 35¢. It was about two-thirds as long, and the barrel about two-thirds as big around, as my beloved, battered Tris Speaker model, but it was the bat Chas wanted me to use while learning to hit the curveball.

I didn't particularly want to learn. When a pitcher threw a ball that seemed to be coming at my head, all I wanted to do was get the hell out of there. Besides, no schoolboy pitcher I had ever faced could get three curves out of seven pitches in the strike zone with any consistency, so it was a safe bet that I'd get something to swing at most times at the plate. But when Chas made up his mind to do something, opposition was useless. I would learn to hit the curve, and that was that.


All that summer, an hour or two every sunny day, we played Pirates and Yankees in our backyard. Occasionally other boys would join in, but mostly it was just Chas and me. Chas was the Yankees and I was the Pirates. The Pirates were given nine outs per inning to the Yankees' three, but my Pirates and I still got clobbered the whole month of June.

By the end of the month I had learned to determine from the pitcher's motion and wrist action whether he was throwing a fastball or a curve. By the end of July I could tell whether Chas was throwing an out curve, in curve, drop or fist curve (later known as a slider). By the end of August I had learned to judge the trajectory of the break and met corncob cleanly with bat barrel. The Pirates and Yankees played on even terms. Chas lined more doubles into the grape arbor in rightfield, but I pulled more home runs over the asparagus bed in leftfield. I had learned to hit the curve, at least in our corncob league.

Chas' teaching held true with a real baseball at regulation distances. In those days there was no Little League, but every town had its baseball team. There

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### REMINISCENCE *continued*

were no boys' leagues, as such, in a town, but boys used to gather at the ball park in haphazard fashion, and if enough showed up for two teams, they would play a regular game; otherwise, they played other types of ball games.

Every boy with any pretension to being a pitcher could throw an out curve and a drop. What we called an in curve usually was really a fastball that tailed into a righthanded batter when thrown by a righthanded pitcher. An exception was the in curve thrown by one of the town team's best pitchers, a former professional named Red Eddy. The Red came from his hair color; whether the Eddy was a first or last name I don't know. Eddy was a big man with a crackling fastball, a good changeup curve, a fast curve that must have broken at least eight inches, and an in curve that today would be called a fine screwball.

When a pickup team of boys faced the town team in a practice game, most of the boys moved to the front of the batter's box to hit Eddy's curve "before it broke."

This was contrary to Chas' teaching. "If the curveball is in your strike zone before it breaks, then it's going to be called a ball when it reaches the plate area," Chas told me time after time. "If it's going to break into the strike zone and you swing before it breaks, you're swinging at a pitch you can't hit."

I wasn't strong enough to get the bat around on Eddy's fastball, but in practice games I was able to murder his changeup and screwball, as they would be called now. He didn't like me very much for that reason until he learned he could get me with his fastball. After that he was able to tolerate me.

I know it was the summer of 1929 when Chas taught me to hit the curveball, because that was the summer our father died. I'm not sure whether it was the summer of 1930 or 1931 that the lesson paid its big dividend on Squirrel Island, which is off the coast of Maine, where the same families had been summering since the mid-1800s.

This particular summer there were more young men of college age on Squirrel than usual Brokerage offices, banks and the like weren't making jobs for them that summer, so the college men were spending the vacation months in their families' summer homes. As a result, in addition to the regular tennis and sailing, there was heavy emphasis on softball, touch football and baseball. A couple of

*continued*

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#### REMINISCENCE continued

Dartmouth boys even organized a track meet for islanders of all ages and both sexes.

There turned out to be enough good baseball players for just one team, which cut down baseball enthusiasm until someone suggested that we revive the traditional annual baseball game with the town team of Boothbay Harbor, the mainland jumping-off place for the island. The challenge was issued and accepted and a Sunday afternoon date set for a game on the Boothbay ball field. Practice produced the normal crop of injuries, and when the day of the game rolled around, there were only seven able-bodied men on the Squirrel team. That meant dipping into the eager but generally inept pool of prep-school freshmen and sophomores or forfeiting the game. To forfeit was unthinkable, so I won the leftfield job and another adolescent was put in rightfield.

Half a century later, I'm not sure of all the players, but I do recall that virtually everyone rotated into the pitcher's spot. Our starting pitcher was the visiting beau of one of the island beauties. Two particularly memorable players played at short and second. They were a couple of disappointed young collegians known island-wide as Flotsam and Jetsam. If I ever knew their real names, they're long gone from my mind.

The Boothbay town team was composed of lobstermen, fishermen and farmers, all of them seasoned ballplayers. They were fast, experienced, talented, used to playing as a team, and they outclassed us shamefully. Their pitcher was a skinny, bald-headed veteran called Herb, with a sneaky fastball and a big out curve. Our college men showed in the top of the first inning that his fastball wasn't too sneaky for them. We got four or five hits and two or three runs before Herb went to his curve and got us out.

The townies took out their innate dislike of invading Summer People on us in the bottom of the first, batting around and scoring half a dozen runs. I spent a busy 10 minutes chasing line shots to the fence and playing the carom.

I led off the second inning, and I remember hoping nobody would notice my trembling knees when I moved into the batter's box. Herb started me off with a fastball that I took for a strike. I swung late at another fastball that would have been easy pickings for one of the college men but was too much for me. Ahead by

continued



To Jim Plunkett, security is  
a passing thing.

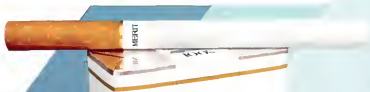
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Read *TIME* and understand.

TIME

#### REMINISCENCE *continued*

nothing and two, Herb decided to polish me off with his curveball. It was just like a session with the corncobs in our backyard. The ball started off right at my chin, but analyzing Herb's wrist snap was nothing to someone who had faced Chas. I waited for it, subconsciously calculated the trajectory of the break, shifted my weight and swung. The ball went on a line over the first baseman's head and rolled all the way to the fence, while I turned on full speed and made it standing to third base.

The fact that I died on third couldn't erase the thrill of the triple, nor could the fact that Herb's curveball mowed down the islanders for the next two innings, while the townies padded their score almost at will. I came up again in the fourth inning and again got the curveball, bouncing a single to center. Later, I made a lucky running catch of a short flyball and, with my momentum helping, executed a perfect throw home to nail a townie trying to score after the catch.

We did nothing in the top of the fifth, and the game was called off to the very vocal annoyance of the entire population of Boothbay Harbor, which was enjoying seeing "them rich loafers from the island" getting their teeth kicked in. The final score was something like 27-3 or 26-2. It didn't matter much to me. I had had a marvelous day and was puffed with pride at being the only islander with two hits, a scintillating catch and an assist on a double play.

On the boat going back to Squirrel—the *Nellie G.*, smallest steamship in the world—my ego was stroked further when either Flotsam or Jetsam sought me out and did a selling job on the glories of Williams College and its baseball team. I was the kind of fellow, he indicated, that Williams was looking for. I went to bed that night convinced that by morning the island would be ringing with the story of the game and particularly my heroic part in it. I wrote Chas a long and, I'm afraid, bragging letter without, I'm sure, thanking him for making it all possible.

The next day when I went to the tennis courts, expecting a certain amount of worship, all I got was a question from a friend about where I'd been the previous day. They had needed a fourth for doubles. Later in the day I came face to face with Flotsam and Jetsam on the boardwalk. They didn't even go single file to let me by. I had to step off into the tall grass to get around them.

END





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\*Based on published General Motors prices as of August 1, 1981.



# '82 CARS AT '81 PRICES



Edited by GAY FLOOD

## ROLLING THUNDER

Sir

After USC Tailback Marcus Allen's magnificent performance against Oklahoma (*Them's the Bouncers*, Oct. 5), it seems to me they may as well close the voting on this year's Heisman Trophy recipient. Rushing for 208 yards against the Sooner defense is a feat.

JACK BUNGART  
Merced, Calif.

Sir,

I have to believe now that the only thing that's worse than watching Marcus Allen run around, over, under and through the Oregon State defense in a 56-22 rout on Oct. 3 is coming home after the game, grabbing SI and seeing "Rolling Thunder" on the cover. Thanks loads!

BILL BENGTSON  
Corvallis, Ore.

Sir

In your two pictures of Marcus Allen, why does he have a different face mask in the photograph on page 28 than the one he's shown wearing on the cover?

GREG WURGELITZ  
Chicago

• According to a USC spokesman, Allen's original helmet was cracked—and Allen "saw stars"—when he was hit by three Oklahoma defenders on a short-gain play in the second quarter. The helmet shown on page 28 is the replacement.—ED

Sir,

You stated that Oklahoma's Barry Switzer had never before coached in the L.A. Coliseum and thus lacked firsthand knowledge of the USC tradition. Switzer was in his first year as Oklahoma's head coach when the Sooners played USC in the Coliseum in 1973 and tied the then No. 1-ranked Trojans 7-7, thus ending a 14-game Trojan victory streak.

STEVE FRANKIE  
Chandler, Ariz.

## THE PLAYOFFS

Sir:

As a formerly intense fan of baseball, I support your editorial on the split season (SCORECARD, Oct. 5). It's ludicrous and a disgrace to the Grand Old Game to watch Cincinnati finish with baseball's best record—I refuse to use the word "overall"—and yet not have a shot at the World Series. What's more, I don't care if Bowie Kuhn wears Bermuda shorts and goes shirtless at the Series, I can't accept baseball on the same month as Thanksgiving, whether it be in Montreal or L.A.

ROBERT WHETTER  
Sarasota, Fla.

Sir

The team with the best won-lost record in the National League West? Cincinnati. The playoff teams? Los Angeles and Houston.

The team with the best won-lost record in the National League East? St. Louis. The playoff teams? Philadelphia and Montreal.

Would you ask Bowie Kuhn to tell me again—this time a bit more slowly—about the integrity of the game?

FRANK J. GILLIGAN  
Cincinnati

## THE DEVIL

Sir:

I glanced at the contents page of my Oct. 5 issue just before dinner. The appealing title, *Nasty Little Devil*, caught my eye, then the Bill Gilbert byline. Hot damn! Although I'm normally an attentive family man, I became oblivious of my domestic surroundings as I shared Gilbert's exotic adventure.

Later that evening I endured a cold steak, a cold-shouldered wife and two annoyed anklebiters—my own little devils. But there was also the great satisfaction that always follows the reading of a Bill Gilbert work. What made me do it? The devil, of course.

G. MICHAEL FEUTZ  
Grand Rapids

## HANDENITES

Sir:

As fellow Handenites and recent graduates of Hamden (Conn.) High School, we were naturally excited by your article extolling the multiple virtues of Yale's scholar-athlete, Rich Diana (*In the Merriwell Mold*, Oct. 5). However, while we share in all Hamden's pride in this extraordinary young man, there were a couple of inaccuracies in the article. For one, Diana's scholastic achievements at Hamden High were commendable, but he didn't rank third in his class. That position was held by one Edith Meeks, also a senior at Yale. Diana ranked fourth.

As for Diana being "perhaps Hamden's most prominent native son," he faces some competition from other Handenites: Will Diana, despite considerable local press coverage, ever rival the acclaim of the late playwright and Hamden resident Thornton Wilder? Or that of actor and Hamden native Ernest Borgnine? Handenites hold their heads high and are proud to include Diana in Hamden's Hall of Fame, but he doesn't stand alone.

Good luck, Rich. Go get Harvard! And be proud of the great heritage you carry into all your endeavors.

WILLIAM F. MILFORD  
JAMES D. PETERS  
Cambridge, Mass.

## SAN DIEGO JACK MURPHY STADIUM

Sir

Our congratulations go to Don Corryell for his ongoing success as coach of the San Diego Chargers (*The Chargers' Fancy Is Passing*, Sept. 28).

We take vehement exception, however, to Paul Zimmerman's assertion that San Diego Jack Murphy Stadium was built as much for Corryell's San Diego State College teams as for the professional San Diego Chargers. It was Charger General Manager and Head Coach Sid Gillman who was ultimately responsible for the stadium, for he focused national attention on San Diego with his sophisticated and successful teams.

San Diego was basically a military retirement town in the early 1960s, with a 25,000-seat stadium for pro ball. Sid Gillman made the city grow up and catch up. Jack Murphy, the late San Diego Union sports editor (and longtime SI correspondent) for whom the stadium was named, documented Gillman's contributions in this and other areas.

TOM GILLMAN  
BOBBY KOREN  
(Two of Sid's kids)  
South Hollywood, Calif.

## BASEBALL AND BROWN

Sir

It was most gratifying to see Steve Wulf's piece on Bill Almon's fine comeback with the Chicago White Sox (*Almon Is Now a Joy*, Sept. 28). It's with reluctance, then, that I call attention to the fact that although Brown University, Almon's alma mater, doesn't have a strong major league tradition, it does have a long one. In Wulf's opinion, Pitcher Bump Hadley has, until now, been Brown's only "major-leaguer of note." Not so. In 1894 Fred Tenney, a first baseman, broke in as a left-handed catcher with the Boston team of the National League. In 17 seasons, some of them spent as a playing manager, he had a lifetime batting average of .295. Along the way he perfected the 3-6-3 (first-to-second-to-first) double play. Incidentally, Tenney was also known as a "soiled collegian" because at the time it was not socially acceptable for college graduates to become professional athletes.

GEORGE MONTERO  
Professor of English  
Brown University  
Providence

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